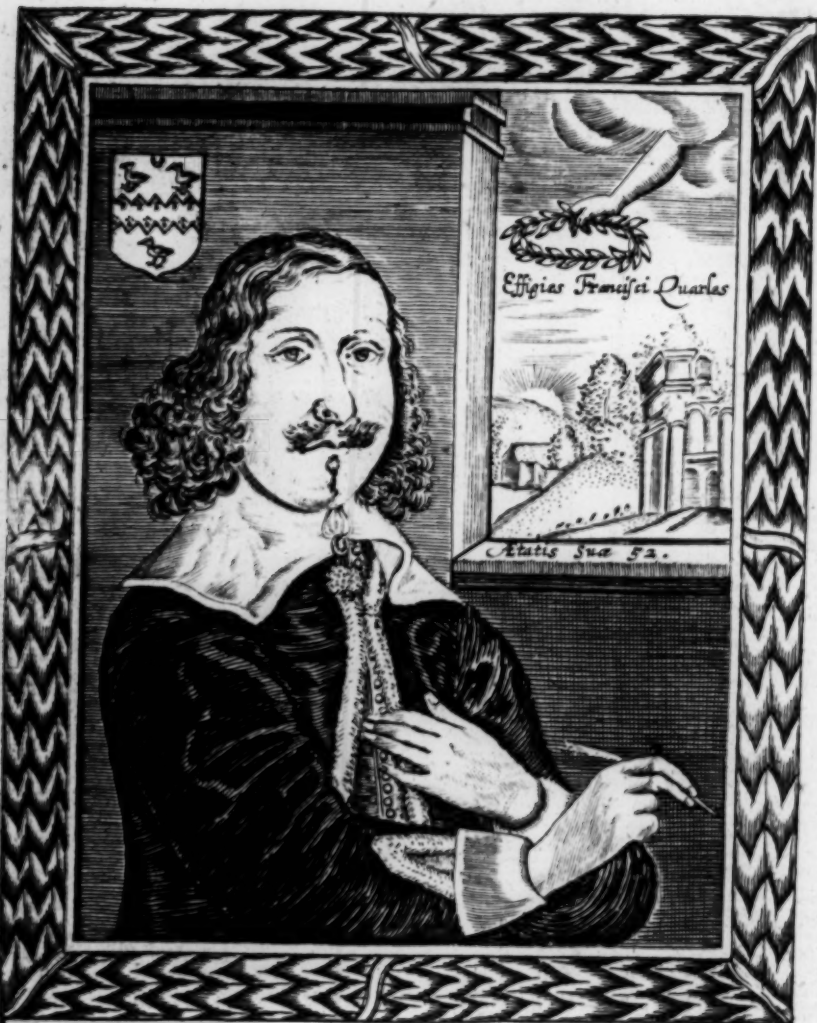


What heere wee see is but a Graven face.
 Only the Shaddow of that brittle case
 Wherin were treasur'd up those Gemms, which hee
 Hath left behind him to Posteritie .

Crofts sculp :

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ARGALUS

Willm. A N D *Spurcell*

PARTHENIA.

Ejus Libellus -

Written by *Fra. Quarles.*

The last Edition Corrected, Amended,

A N D *Bath*

ILLUSTRATED with 30. FIGURES

Relating to the

S T O R Y.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Redmayne*, for *Tho. Rooks*, at the *Lamb*
and *Ink-Bottle* in *Newgate-street*, who makes
and sells the best Ink,
MDCLXXVII.



The Mind of the Frontispiece.

R Eader, behind this silken Front'spice lyes
The Argument of our Book : which to your Eyes
Our Muse (for serious causes, and best known
Unto her self) commands should be unshown :
And therefore, to that end she hath thought fit
To draw this Curtain 'twixt your eye and it.



Sprewell Jun. Bath

ARGALVS and PARTHENIA

The Argument of the History

Lusit Anacreon

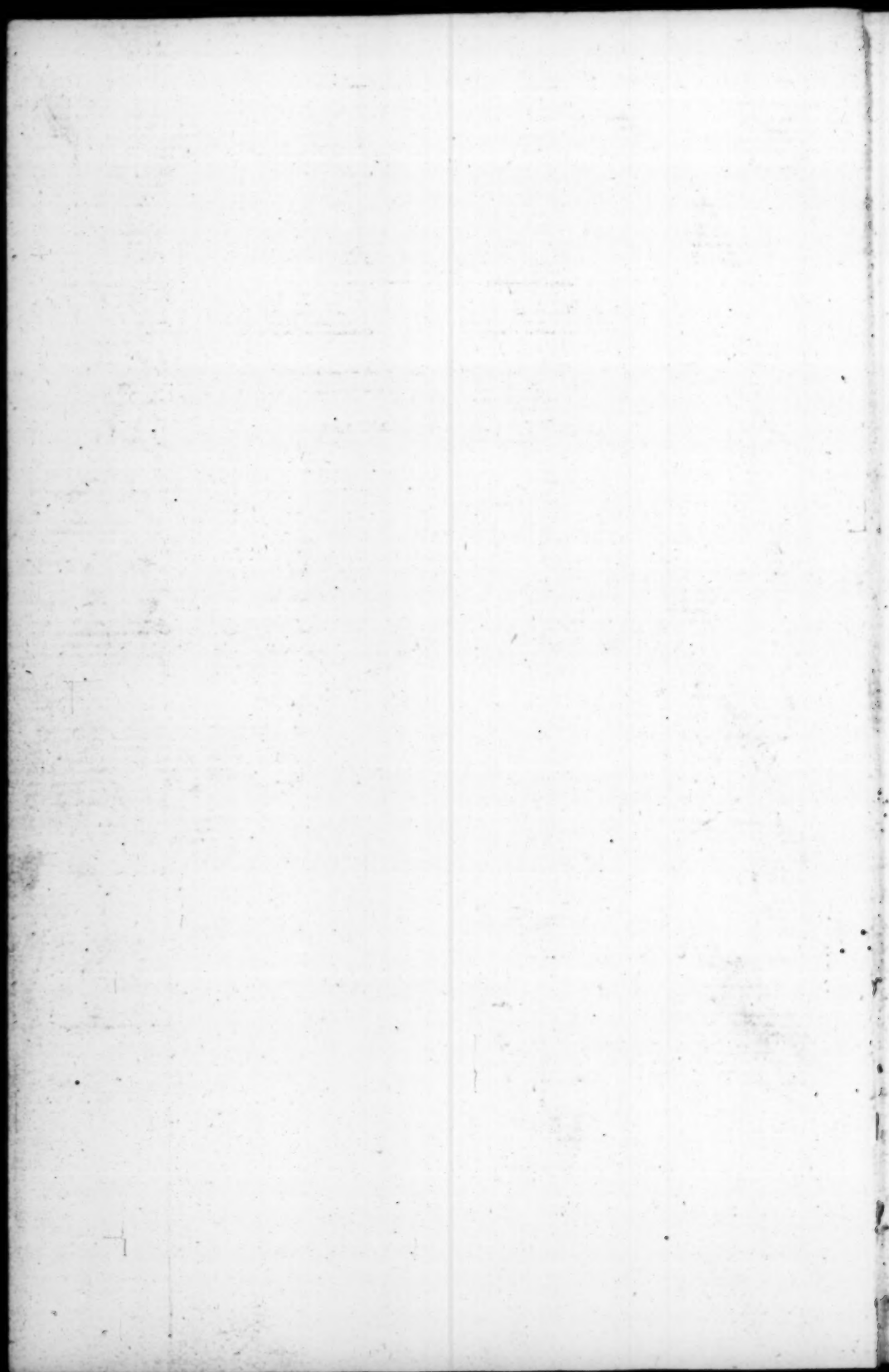
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death be
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By Fra.

Quarles

Printed for W^m Freeman at the Bible-Shop against
the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet Street 1692.





TO THE
READER.

Reader,

I Present thee here with a History of Argalus and Parthenia, the fruits of broken hours. It was a Cien taken out of the Orchard of Sir Philip Sidney, of precious memory, which I have lately grafted upon a Crab-stock, in mine own. It hath brought forth many leaves, and promises pleasing fruit, if malevolent eyes blast it not in the bud. This Book differs from my former, as a Courtier, from a Churchman: But if any think it unfit for one to play both parts, I have presidents for it: And let such know, that I have taken but one Play-day in six: However, I should besbrow that hand that binds them all together to make one Volume. In this discourse, I have not affected to set thy understanding on the Rack, by the tyranny of strong Lines, which (as they fabulously report of China dishes) are made for the third generation to make use of, and are the meer itch of wit; under the colour of which, many have ventured (trusting to the Oedipean conceit of their ingenious Reader) to write non-sence, and felloniously father the created expositions of other men; not unlike some Painters, who first make the picture, then, from the opinion of better judgments, conclude whom it resembles. These lines are strong enough for my purpose: If not for thine, yet read them, and yet understandings may be magnified

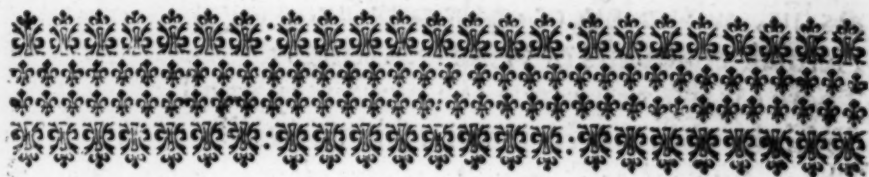
To the Reader.

magnified by their weakness. Reader, thou shalt in the progress of this Story, meet with a seeming Solœcism; which is this; Demagoras his so foul a deed perpetrated upon the fair Parthenia, is fully exprest; and yet, the revenge thereof past over in silence; wherein (as I conceive) I have not dealt unjustly. when Prometheus stole fire from Heaven to animate and quicken his artificial bodies, the severer gods for punishment of so high a sacriledge, struck him not dead with a sudden Thunder-bolt, but (to be more deeply avenged) let him live, to be tormented with Vultures continually gnawing on his Liver. The same kind of torture had Ixion; so had Sisyphus; so had Tantalus: Did then Demagoras fault equal (if not exceed) theirs, and should his punishment be less? Had my pen delivered him dead in your hands, what could you have had more? His accursed memory had soon rotted with his baser name; and there had been an end of him: In which respect, I have suffered him to live, that he may stand like a Jack a Lent, or a Shroving Cock, for everyone to spend a Cudgil at, to the worlds end. Ladies, (for in your silken laps I know this Book will chafe to lie, which being far-fetched, if the Stationer be wise, will be most fit for you) my suit is, That you would be pleased to give the fair Parthenia your noble entertainment: She hath crost the Seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you; to whose gentle hands I recommend her, and kiss them.

Dublin, this 4.
of March,
1621.

FR. QUARLES.

Ar. alus



ARGALUS

A N D

PARTHENIA.

THE FIRST BOOK.



Within the limits of th' *Arcadian* Land,
 Whose grateful bounty hath enrich'd the hand
 Of many a Shepherd Swain, whose rural Art
 (Untaught to glose, or with a double heart
 To vow dissembled Love) did build to Fame
 Eternal *Trophies* of a Pastoral name :
 That sweet *Arcadia* ; which, in antick days,
 Was wont to warble out her well-tun'd lays
 To all the World ; and, with her Oaten Reed,
 Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed :
Arcadia, whose desarts did claim to be
 As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* Tree,

As

As his, whose louder *Aeneas* proudly sings
 Heroick conquests of victorious Kings :
 There (if th'exuberance of a word may swell
 So high, that *Angels* may be said to dwell)
 There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory,
 Whose rare composure did abstract the story
 Of true Perfection, modellizing forth
 The height of beauty, and admired worth ;
 Her name *Parthenia*, whose unnam'd descent,
 Can serve but as a needless complement,
 To gild Perfection : She shall boast, alone,
 What bounteous Art, and Nature makes her own.
 Her Mother was a Lady, whom deep age
 More fill'd with honor, then diseases ; sage,
 A modest Matron, strict, reserv'd, austere,
 Sparing in Speech, but lib'ral of her Ear ;
 Fierce to her foes, and violent where she likes ;
 Wedded to what her own opinion strikes :
 Frequent in Alms, and charitable Deeds,
 Of mighty spirit, constant to her *Beads*,
 Wisely suspicious ; but what need we other
 Then this ? She was the fair *Partheniaes* Mother,
 That rare *Parthenia*, in whose Heavenly eye
 Sits Maiden mildness, mixt with Majesty ;
 Whose secret power hath a double skill,
 By frowns or smiles to make alive, or kill ;
 Her Cheeks are like to Banks of fairest Flowers,
 Inrich with sweetness from the Twilight showers,
 Whereon those jars, which were so often bred,
 Composed were, betwixt the white and red :
 Her Hair wrought down beneath her Ivory Knees,
 As if that Nature, to so rare a piece

Had

Had meant a shadow ; laboring to show,
And boast the utmost that her hand could do :
Like smallest Flax appear'd her Nymph-like Hair,
But onely Flax was not so small, so fair :
Her Lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,
In stead of Teeth, that orient *Pearls* had been :
The whiteness of her dainty Neck you know,
If ever you beheld the new-faln *Snow* ;
Her Swan-like Breasts were like two little *Sphears*,
Wherein, each azure line in view appears,
Which, were they obvious but to every eye,
All liberal Arts would turn *Astronomy* :
Her slender waste, her Lilly-hands, her Arms
I dare not set to view ; because all Charms
Forbidden are : my bashful *Muse* descends
No lower step : Here her *Commission* ends,
And by another Virtue doth enjoyn
My Pen to treat Perfection more divine.
The chaste *Diana*, and her Virgin crew
Was but a *Type* of one that should ensue
In after-ages, which we find exprest,
And here fulfill'd in chaste *Parthenia's* Brest ;
True vertue was the object of her will ;
She could no ill, because she knew no ill ;
Her thoughts were noble, and her words not lavish
Yet free, but wisely weigh'd ; more apt to ravish,
Then to entice ; less beautified with Art,
Then natural sweetness : In her gentle Heart
Judgment transcended ; from her milder Brest
Passion was not exiled, but repress :
Her voice excel'd ; nay, had you heard her voice
But warble forth, you might have had the choice,

To

To take her for some smooth-fac'd *Cherubin*,
 Or else some glorious *Angel*, that had been
 A treble sharer in th' eternal joys,
 Such was her voice, such was her heavenly voice :
 Merry, yet modest ; witty, and yet wise ;
 Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice ;
 Quick, but not rash ; Courteous, and yet not common ;
 Not too familiar, and yet scorning no man :
 In brief, who would relate her praises well,
 Must first bethink himself, what 't is t' excel.

When these Perfections had enhaunc'd the name
 Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble-winged Fame
 Grew great with honor, spreads her hasty Wings,
 Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away she springs,
 And with her full-mouth'd blast she doth proclaim
 Th' unmated glory of *Parthenia's* name :
 Who now but fair *Parthenia* ? What report
 Can find admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
 But fair *Partheniaes* ? Every solemn Feast
 Must now be sweetned, honor'd, and possess'd
 With high discourses of *Partheniaes* glory,
 And every mouth must breath *Partheniaes* story.
 The poet summons now his amorous Quill,
 And scorns assistance from the Sacred Hill :
 The sweet-lipt Orator takes in hand to raise
 His prouder stile, to speak *Partheniaes* praise.
 The curious Painter wisely doth displace
 Fair *Venus*, sets *Parthenia* in her place.
 The pleader burns his Books, disdains the Law,
 And falls in love with whom his eyes ne'r saw.
 Health to the fair *Parthenia* fly about
 At every board, whil'st others, more devout,

Build Idols to her, and adore the same,
And Parrets learn to prate *Partheniaes* name :
Some trust to fame, some secretly disprize
Her worth ; some emulates, and some envies :
Some doubt, some fear lest lavish Fame belie her,
And all that dare believe report, admire her.

Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land
Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord : Of proud command,
Lord of much people, youthful, and of fame,
More great than good, *Demagoras* his name :
Of stature tall, his body spare and meager,
Thick shouldred, hollow cheek'd, and visage eager,
His gashful countenance swarthy, long and thin,
And down each side of his reverted Chin
A lock of black neglected Hair (befriended
With Warts too ugly to be seen) descended ;
His rouling eyes were deeply sunk, and hiew'd
Like fire : 'Tis said, they blister'd where they view'd.
Upon his shoulders from his fruitful Crown,
A rugged crop of *Elf-locks* dangled down :
His hide all hairy ; garish his attire,
And his Complexion meerly Earth and Fire ;
Perverse to all ; extenuating what
Another did, because he did it not :
Maligning all mens actions but his own,
Not loving any and belov'd of none :
Revengeful, envious, desperately stout,
And in a word, to paint him fully out,
That had the Monopoly, to fulfil
All vice, the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.
He view'd *Partheniaes* face. As from above,
Fire-balls of Lightning huri'd by angry Jove,

Confound th' unarm'd beholder at a blow,
 And leave him ruin'd in the place ; Even so
 The Peerless Beauty of *Parthenia's* eyes,
 At the first sight did conquer and surprize
 The lavish thoughts of this amazed lover,
 Who void of strength to hide, or to discover
 The tyrannous scorching of his secret fires,
 Prompted by Passion, with himself conspires :

*Accurs'd Demagoras ! Into what a Fever
 Hath one look struck thy soul ? O never, never
 To be recur'd ! If I had done amiss,
 Hath Heaven no easier Plagues in store, but this ?
 Prometheus paints are not so sharp as these,
 Our sins yet labor'd both of one disease ;
 Our faults are equal : Both stole fire from Heaven ;
 Our faults alike, why are our Plagues uneven ?
 Be just, O make not such unequal odds
 Of equal sins : Be just, or else no gods :
 Why send ye down such Angels to the Earth,
 To mock poor mortals ? or of mortal birth
 If such a Heaven-like Paragon may be,
 Why do ye not wound her as well as me ?
 But why do I implore your aids in vain,
 That are the highest Agents in my pain ?
 Poor wretch ! what hope of help can ye assure me,
 When onely she that made the wound, can cure me ?
 Divine Parthenia, Earths unvalued Jewel :
 Would thou hadst been less glorious, or less cruel :
 When first thine eyes did to these eyes appear,
 I read the history of my ruin there,
 My necessary ruine : Heaven, nor Hell
 Can salve my sores, by help of Prayer or Spell ;*

Gods are unjust ; and if, with Charms, I haunt her,
Her eyes are Counter-charms,, to inchant th' enchanter :
Why do I thus exulcerare my disease ?

By adding torments, hope I to finde ease ?

Is not her cruelty enough, alone

But must I bring fresh torments of my own ?

Chear up Demagoras : 'Tis a wise mans part

Not to lose all, if his unpractis'd art

Serves not to gain : A Gamester may not chuse

His chance : It is some conquest, not to lose.

Look to thy self : Let no injurious blast

Of cold despair chill thy green wounds too fast

For time to cure : O, hope for no remission

Of pain, till Cupid send thee a Physitian.

She is a woman ; if a woman, then

My title's good : Women were made for men.

She is a woman, though her heavenly brow

Write Angel, and may stoop, although not now.

Women, by looks, will not be understood

Until their hearts advise with flesh and blood.

She is a woman, There's no reason why,

But she (perchance) may burn as well as I.

Move then, Demagoras, let Parthenia know

The strength of her own beauty, in thy wo :

Fear not, what thou ador'st ; begin to move,

Chris-cross foreruns the Alphabet of love.

'Tis half-perfected, what is once begun ;

'She is a woman, and she must be won.

Like as a Swain, whose hands have made a vow,

And sworn alleageance to the peaceful Plow,

Prest out for service in the Martial Camp,

At first (unentred) findes a liveless damp,

Belcag'ring

Beleg'ring every joynt, as often f wounds
 As here he views his Sword, or thinks of wounds,
 At length (not finding any means for flying,
 Switcht and spur'd on with desp'rate fear of dying)
 He hews, he hacks, and in the midst he goes,
 And freshly deals about his frantick blows;
 Even so *Demagoras*, whose unbred fashion
 Had never yet subscrib'd to loves sweet passion,
 Being call'd a Combatant to *Cupid's* field,
 Trembles, and secretly resolves to yield
 The day without a parley, till at length,
 Fiercely transported by th'untutor'd strength
 Of his own passion, he himself assures,
 That desp'rate torments must have desp'rate cures:
 And thus to the divine *Parthenia's* ears
 Applies his Speech, devoid of doubts and fears.

(i)

*Fairest of Creatures, if my ruder Tongue,
 To right it self, should do your patience wrong,
 And lawless passion makes it too too free,
 O blame your heavenly beauty and not me:
 It was those eyes, those precious eyes that first
 Enforc'd my Tongue to speak, or Heart to burst:
 From those dear eyes I first receiv'd that wound,
 which seeks for cure, and cannot be made sound;
 But by the hand that struck: To you alone,
 I sue for help, that else must hope for none:
 Then crown my joys, thou Antidote of despair,
 And be as merciful as thou art fair;*

Nature,



Nature, (the bounty of whose liberal hand
Made thee the Jewel of the Arcadian Land)
Intended in so rare a prize, to boast
Her master-piece : Hid Jewels are but lost ;
Shine then, and rob not Nature of her due,
But honor her, as she hath honor'd you.
Let not the best of all her works lie dead
In the nice Casket of a Maidenhead :
What she would have reveal'd, O do not smother,
Th' art made in vain, unless thou make another :
Give me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,
Lest thou shouldst want a heart, I'll give thee mine,
As richly fraught with love, and lasting duty,
As thou with Virtue, or thine eyes with beauty,
Why dost thou frown ? why does that Heavenly brow,
Not made for wrinkles, shew a wrinkle now ?
Send forth thy brighter Sun-shine, and the while,
O lend me but the twilight of a smile :
Give me one amorous glance ; why stand'st thou mute ?
Disclose those ruby Lips, and grant my suit :
Speak (love,) or if thy doubtful mind be bent
To silence, let that silence be consent :
Nor beg I love of alms, although in part,
My words may seem t' emplead my own desert.
Disdain me not, although my thoughts descend
Below themselves, t' enjoy so fair a friend.
That have oft with tears been sought to, sue ;
And Queens have been his servants, that serves you ?
The beauties of all Greece have been at strife
To win the name of great Demagoras wife,
And been despi'd, not worthy to obtain
So high an honor ; what they sought (in vain)

*I here present thee with, as thine own due,
It being an honor fit for none but you:
Speak then (my love) and let my Lips make known
That I am either thine, or not mine own.*

Have you beheld when fresh *Aurora's* eye
Sends forth her early beams, and by and by
Withdraws the glory of her face, and shrowds
Her cheeks behind a ruddy Mask of Clouds,
Which, who believe in *Erra Pater* say,
Prefages wind, and blustry storms that day.
Such were *Parthenia's* looks: In whose fair face
Roses and Lillies, late had equal place,
But now, 'twixt Maiden bashfulness, and spleen,
Roses appear'd, and Lillies were not seen:
She paus'd a while, till at the last, she breaks
Her long-kept angry silence, thus, and speaks.

My Lord,
*Had your strong Oratory but the art,
To make me conscious of so great desert,
As you perswade, I should be bound in duty
To praise your Rhet'rick as you praise my beauty:
Or if the frailty of my judgment could
Flatter my thoughts so grossly, as to hold
Your words for currant, you might boldly dare
Count me as foolish, as you term me fair.
If you vie Courtship, Fortune knows that I
Have not so strong a game, to see the vie:
Alas, my skill durst never undertake
To play the game, where hearts be set at stake:
Needs must the loss be great, when such have bin
Seldom observ'd to save themselves that win:*

*You crave my Heart, my Lord, you crave withal,
Too great a mischief: My poor heart's too small
To fill the concave of so great a brest,
whose thoughts can scorn the amorous request
Of love-sick Queens, and can requite the vain,
And factious suits of Ladies with disdain:
Stoop not so low beneath your Self (great Lord)
To love Parthenia: Shall so poor a word
Stain your fair lips, whose merits do proclaim
A more transcendent Fortune, than that name
Can give? Call down Jove's winged Pursuivant,
And give his tongue the power to inchant
Some easie Goddess in your name, and treat
A marriage fitting so sublime, so great
A mind as yours, and fill the fruitful Earth
with Heroes, sprung from so divine a birth:
Partheniaes heart could never yet aspire
So high: Her home-bred thoughts durst ne'r desire
So fond an honor matcht with so great pride,
To hope for that, which Queens have been deny'd.
Be wise, my Lord; vouchsafe not to repeat
S'unfit a suit: Be wise as you are great:
Advance your noble thoughts, hazard no more
To wrack your fortunes on so fleet a shore,
That to the wiser world, it may be known,
The less y' are mine, the more you are your own.*

*Like as a guilty prisoner, upon whom
Offended Justice lately past her doom,
Stands trembling by, and hopeless to prevail,
Bauls not for mercy: but to the loath'd Jail
Drags his sad Irons, and from thence commends
A hasty suit to his selected friends,*

That by the virtue of a quick Reprieve,
 The wretch might have some few days more to live :
 Even so *Demagoras*, whose rewounded heart
 Had newly felt the unexpected smart
 And secret burthen of a desperate doom,
 Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the room,
 And in his discontented minde, revolves
 Ten thousand thoughts, and at the last resolves
 What course to run, relying on no other
 But the assistance of *Parthenia's* Mother.
 Forthwith his fierce misguided passion drove
 His wandring steps to the next neighboring grove,
 A keen *Stiletto* in his trembling hand
 He rudely grip'd ; upon his Lips did stand
 A milk-white froth ; his eyes like flames ; sometimes
 He curses Heaven ; himself ; and then the times ;
 Rails at the proud *Parthenia* ; raves ; despairs ;
 And from his head rends off his tangled hairs ;
 Curses the womb that bare him ; bans the Fates,
 And drunk with Spleen, he thus deliberates :
Why dy'st thou not, Demagoras, when as death
Lends thee a weapon ? Can the whining breath
Of discontents and passion, send relief
To distraction, or assuage thy grief ?
Why mov'st thou not the gods ? or, rather, why
Do'st not contemn, and scorn their power, and die ?
But stay ! Of whom dost thou complain ? A woman.
To whom (fond man) dost thou complain ? A woman.
And shall a womans frowns have power to grieve thee ?
Or shall a womans wanton smile relieve thee ?
Fie, fie, Demagoras, shall a womans eye
Prevail, to make the stout Demagoras die,

*And leave to after times an entred name
It's Calender of fools? Rouze up for shame
Thy wasted spirits; whet thy spleen, and live
To be reveng'd: She, she, that would not give
Admittance to thy proffer'd love, must drink
The potion of thy hate: Stir then the sink
Of all thy passion; where thou canst not gain
By fairer language, Tarquin like constrain.
But hold thy hand, Demagoras, and advise;
Art gives advantage oft where force denies:
Suspend thy fury: Make Partheniaes Mother
The means: One Adamant will cut another:
Sweeten thy Lips with amorous Oratory;
Affect her tender heart with the sad story
Of thy dear love: Extol Partheniaes beauty:
But most of all, urge that deserved duty
Thou ow'st her virtue, and make that the ground
Of thy first love, that gave thy heart the wound:
Mingle thy words with sighs; and it is meet,
If thou canst force a tear, to let her see't,
Against thy will. Let thy false tongue forbear
No vows, and though thou beest forsworn, yet swear:
If ere thy barren Lips shall chance to pause,
For want of words; Parthenia is the cause,
Who hath benum'd thy heart; if ere they go
Beyond their lists, Parthenia made them so:
Withal, be sure, when ere thou shalt advance
The daughters virtues, let the glory glance
Upon the prudent Mother: Women care not
To hear too much of virtue, if they share not.
When thus thou hast prepar'd her melting ear
To soft attention, closely, in the rear*

*Of thy discourse, prefer thy sad Petition
That she would please to favor the condition
Of a distressed lover, and afford
In thy behalf, a Mothers timely word ;
So shalt thou wreak thy vengeance by a wile,
And make the Mother Baud to her own child.*

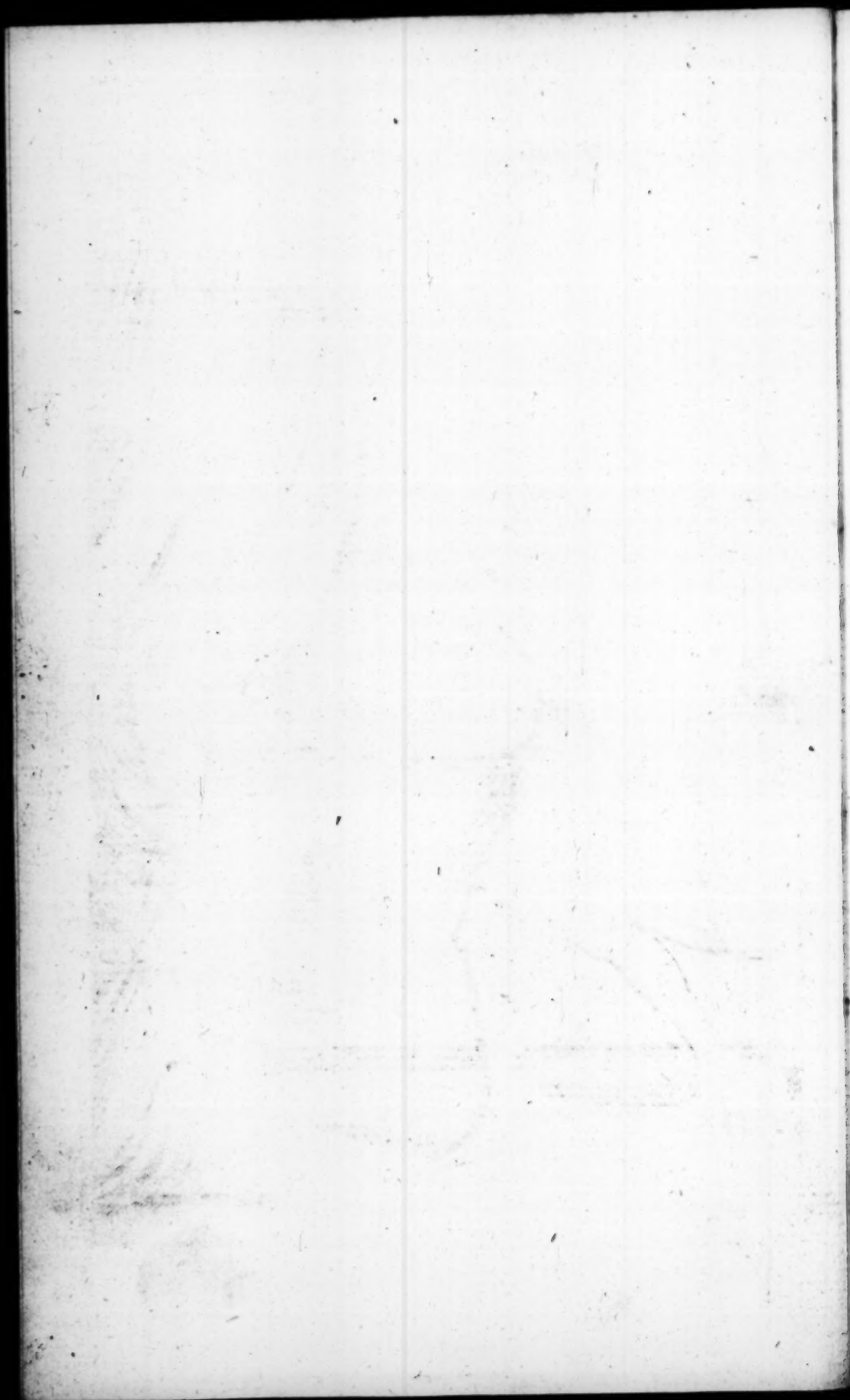
He paused not ; but like a rash Projector
(Whose frantick Passion was supream Director)
Fixt his first thoughts, impatient of the second,
Which might been bettered by advice, and reckon'd
All time but lost, which he bestowed not
On th' execution of his hopeful plot :
Forthwith his nimble paces he divided
Towards the Summer-Palace, where resided
The fair *Partheniaes* Mother ; boldly enters,
And after mutual complement adventers
To break the Ice of his dissembled grief :
Thus he complains, and thus he begs relief.

(2)

*Madam,
The hopeful thriving of my suit depends
Upon your goodness, and it recommends
It self unto your favor, from whose hand
It must have sentence, or to fall, or stand :
Thrice Three times hath the Sovereign of the night,
Repair'd her empty horns with borrowed light,
Since these sad eyes, these beauty-blasted eyes,
Were stricken by a light that did arise*



(2)



*From your blest womb, whose unasswaged smart
Hath pierc'd my Soul, and wounded my poor Heart :
It is the fair Parthenia, whose divine
And glorious virtue led these eyes of mine
To their own ruin : Like a wanton Flie,
I dallied with the flame of her bright eye,
Till I have burn'd my wings. O, if to love
Be held a sin, the guilty gods above
(Being fellow-sinners with us, and commit
The self-same crimes) may eas'ly pardon it.
O thrice divine Parthenia, that hast got
A sacred priviledg which the Gods have not,
If thou hast doom'd that I shall be bereaven
Of my loath'd life, yet let me die forgiven ;
And welcome death that with one happy blow
Gives me more ease, than life could ever do.
Madam, to whom should my sad words appeal
But you ? Alas to whom should I reveal
My dying thoughts, but unto you that gave
Being to her, that hath the power to save
My wasted life ; the language of a Mother
Moves more than tears, that trickle from another.
With that a well-dissembled drop did slide
From his false eyes. The Lady thus reply'd ;*

*My Honorable Lord,
If my untimely answer hath prevented
Some farther words, your passion would have vented,
Pardon my haste: which in a ruder fashion
Sought onely to divide you from your passion :
The love you bear Parthenia, must claim
The priviledge of mine ear, and in her name,*

(Though

(Though from an absent mind, as yet unknown)
 Return I thanks with interest of mine own.
 The little judgment, that the gods have lent
 Her downy years (though in a small extent)
 Does challenge the whole freedom of her choice,
 In the resignation of a Mothers voice:
 The sprightly fancies of a Virgins mind
 Enter themselves, and hate to be confin'd:
 The hidden Embers of a lovers fire
 Desire no bellows, but their own desire;
 And like to Dedalus his Forge, if blown,
 Burns dim and dies; blazes, if let alone:
 Lovers affect without advisement, that
 which being most persuaded to, they hate.
 My Lord, adjourn your passion, and refer
 The fortune of your suit to time, and her.
 Like to a Pinace is a lovers mind,
 The sail his fancie is; a storm of wind
 His uncontrouled Passion; The Stears
 His Reason; Rocks and Sands, are doubts and fears:
 Your storm being great, like a wise Pilot bear
 But little Sail, and stoutly plie the Stear:
 Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me,
 My Lord, too hasty gamesters over see.
 Go, move Parthenia; and Juno's blessing
 Attend your hopeful suit, in the suppressing
 Loves common evils; and if her warm desire
 Shew but a spark, leave me to blow the fire.
 Go, lose no time: Lovers must be laborious;
 My Lord, go prosperous, and return victorious.

With that, Demagoras, (prostrate on the ground,
 As if his ears had heard that blessed sound,

Where-

Wherewith the *Delphian* Oracle acquites
The accepted sacrifice) performs the Rites
Of quick devotion, to that heavenly voice,
Which fed his Soul with the malignant joys
Of vow'd revenge, up from the floor he starts,
Blesses the tongue that blest him, and departs.

By this time, had the Heaven-surrounding Steeds
Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting heads
Into the lower Hemisphere, to cool
Their flaming Nostrils in the Western Pool,
When as the dainty and mollitious Air
Had bid the Lady of the Palace, share
In her refined pleasures, and invited
Her gentle steps, fully to be delighted
In those sweet walks, where *Floras* liberal hand
Had given more freely, than to all the Land.
There walked she ; and in her various mind,
Projects and casts about which way to find
The progress of the young *Partheniaes* heart ;
Likes this way : Then a second thought does thwart
The first ; likes that way ; then a third the second :
One while she likes the match, and then she reckon'd.
Demagoras virtues : Now her fear entices
Her thoughts to alter ; then she counts his vices :
Sometimes she calls his vows and oaths to mind ;
Another while, thinks oaths and words but wind.
She likes, dislikes, her doubtful thoughts do vary :
Resolves, and then resolves the quite contrary.
One while she fears that his malign aspect
Will give the Virgin cause to disaffect :
And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
His wealth, the Golden cover of all faults :

And

And, from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digests
 Her fears ; creates a word of wealth ; and rests.
 With that, she strait unfixt her fastned eyes
 From off the ground ; and looking up, espies
 The fair *Parthenia*, in a lonely bowre,
 Spending the treasure of an Evening hour :
 There sate she, reading the sweet sad discourses
 Of *Cariclea's* love ; the entercourses
 Of whose mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
 To feel the self-same joy, the self same smart :
 She read, she wept, and, as she wept, she smil'd,
 As if her equal eyes had reconcil'd
 Th' extreams of joy and grief : She clos'd the Book,
 Then open'd it, and with a milder look,
 She pities lovers ; musing then a while,
 She teaches smiles to weep, and tears to smile :
 At length, her broken thoughts she thus discovers.

Unconstant state of poor distressed lovers !

Is all extream in love ? No mean at all ?

No draughts indiff'rent ? Either Honey or Gall ?

Hath Cupids universe no temp'rate Zone ?

Either a torrid, or a frozen one ?

Alas, alas, poor Lovers ! As she spake
 Those words from her disclosed Lips, there brake
 A gentle sigh ; and after that another
 With that, steps in her unexpected Mother.

Have ye beheld, when *Titans* lustful head
 Hath newly div'd into the Sea-green Bed
 Of *Thetis*, how the bashful Horizon
 (Enforc'd to see what should be seen by none)
 Looks red for shame, and blushes to discover
 Th' incestuous pleasures of the Heaven-born lover :

So look'd *Parthenia*, when the sudden eye
Of her unwelcome Mother did descry
Her secret passion : The Mothers smile
Brought forth the Daughters blush, and level coy
They smil'd and blusht ; one smile begat another :
The Daughter blusht, because the jealous Mother
Smil'd on her ; and the silent Mother smil'd
To see the conscious blushing of her child :
At length grown great with words, she did awake
Her forced silence, and she thus bespake.

*Blush not, my fairest Daughter ; 'tis no shame
To pity lovers, or lament that flame,
Which worth and beauty kindles in the brest ;
'Tis charity to succor the distrest.*

*The disposition of a generous heart
Mak's every grief her own ; at least, bears part
What Marble, ah what Adamantine ear
E're heard the flames of Troy, without a tear ?
Much more the scorching of a lovers fire,
(whose desperate fewel is his own desire)
May boldly challenge every gentle heart
To be joynt-tenant in his secret smart.
Why dost thou blush ? why did those pearly tears
Slide down ? Fear not : This arbor hath no ears ;
Here's none but we ; speak then : It is no shame
To shed a tear ; thy Mother did the same :
Say, hath the winged wanton, with his dirt,
Sent ere a message to thy wounded heart ?
Speak, in the name of Hymen, I conjure thee :
If so, I have a balsam shall recure thee,
I fear, I fear, the young Laconian Lord
Hath lately left some indigested word*

In thy cold stomach ; which, for want of art
 I doubt, I doubt, lies heavy at thy heart.
 If that be all, revealing brings relief ;
 Silence in love, but multiplies a grief ;
 Hid Sorrow's desperate, not to be endur'd,
 Which being but disclos'd, is eas'ly cur'd :
 Perchance thou lov'st Demagoras, and wouldst smother
 Thy close affection from thy angry Mother,
 And reap the dainty fruits of love unseen :
 I did the like, or thou hadst never been.
 Stolen goods are sweetest. If it be thy mind
 To love in secret, I will be as blind
 As he that wounded thee ; or if thou dare
 Acquaint thy Mother, then a Mothers care
 Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire
 The sweet fruition of thy choice desire :
 Thou lov'st Demagoras : If thy Lips deny,
 Thy conscious Heart must give thy Lips the lie :
 And if thy liking countermand my will,
 Thy punishment shall be to love him still :
 Then love him still, and let his hopes inherit
 The crown belonging to so fair a merit ;
 His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears
 To speak, at least, an age above his years :
 The blood of his increasing honor springs
 From the high stock of the Arcadian Kings.
 The gods have blest him with a liberal hand,
 Enrich him with the prime of all the Land :
 Honor and wealth attend his Gates, and what
 Can he command that he possesses not ?
 All which, and more, (if Mothers can divine)
 The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine ;

*He is thy Captive, and thy conquering eies
Have took him prisoner ; he submits, and lies
At thy dear mercy, hoping ne'r to be
Ransom'd from death, by any price, but thee.
Wrong not thy self, in being too too nice,
And what(perchance) may not be profer'd twice,
Accept at first : It is a foolish mind
To be too coy : Occasion's bald behind.
'Tis not the common work of every day
T' afford such offers; take them while you may,
Times alter: Youth and Beauty are but blasts,
Use then thy time, whilst youth and beauty lasts:
For if that loath'd and infamous reproach
Of a stald Maid, but offer to incroach
Upon opinion, th' art in estimation,
Like garments kept till they be out of fashion :
Thy worth, thy wit,, thy virtues all must stand
Like goods at out-cries, priz'd at second hand ;
Resolve thee then, t' enlarge thy Virgin-life
With th' honorable freedom of a wife :
And let the fruits of that blest marriage be
A living pledge betwixt my child and me.*

So said, the fair Parthenia (in whose heart
Her strong affection yet had got the start
Of her obedience) makes a sudden pause,
Strives with her thoughts ; objects the binding laws
Of filial duty to her best affection,
Sometimes submits unto her own election,
Sometimes unto her Mothers : thus divided
In her distracted fancy, sometimes guided
By one desire, and sometimes by another,
She thus reply'd to her attentive Mother :

C

Madam,

Madam,

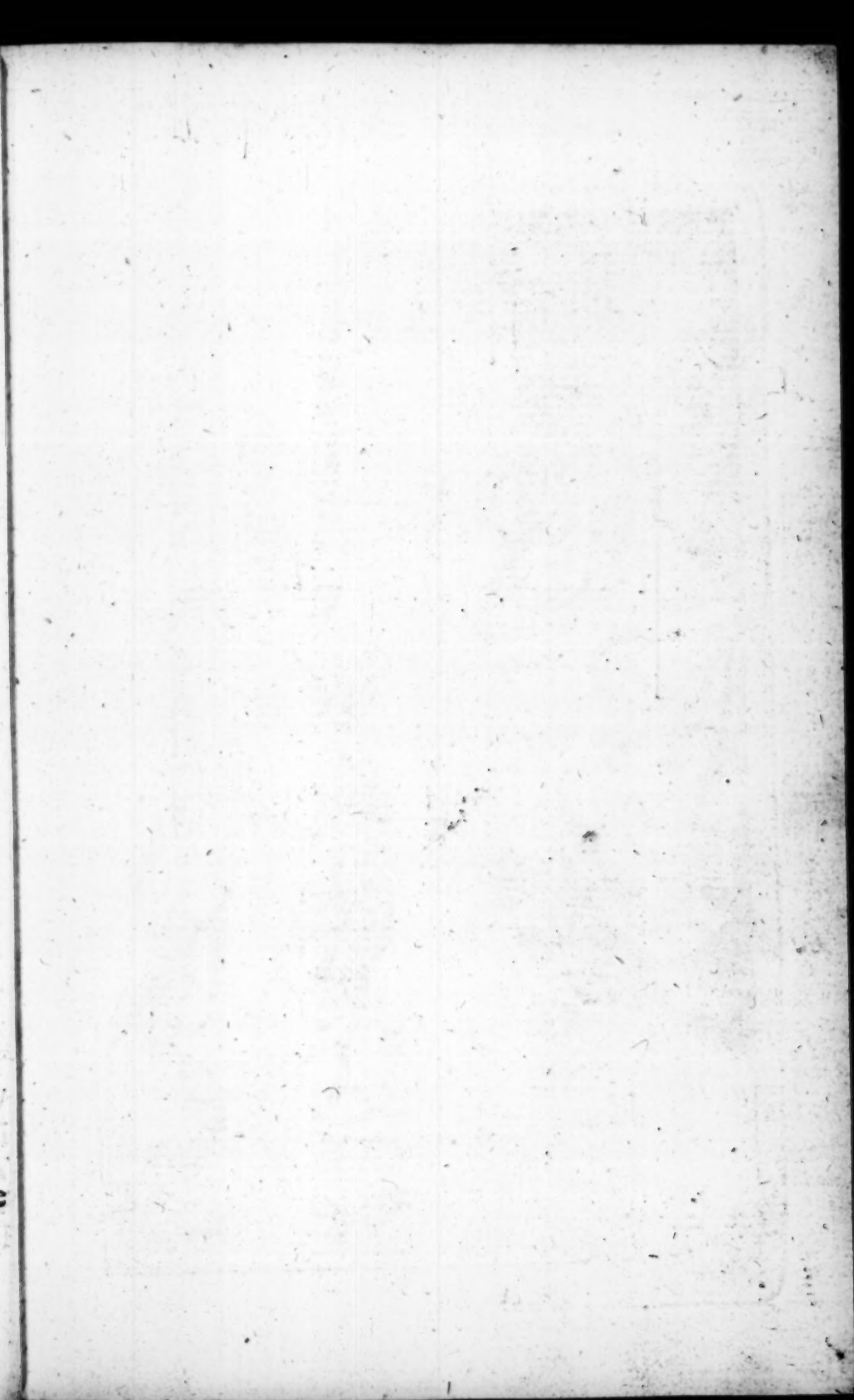
*Think not Parthenia, under a pretence
Of silence, studies disobedience :
Or by the crafty slowness of reply,
Borrows a quick advantage to deny :
It lies not in your power, to command
Beyond my will ; unto your tender hand
I here surrender up that little All
You gave me, freely to dispose withall :
The gods forbid, Parthenia should resist
What you command, command you what you list :
But pardon me, the young Laconian Lord
Hath made assault, but never yet could board
This heart of mine : I wept, I wept indeed,
But my misconstrued streams did ne'r proceed
From Cupids spring: This blubber'd Book makes known
whose griefs I wept, I wept not for mine own;
My lowly thoughts durst never yet aspire
The least degree towards the proud desire
Of so great honor, to be call'd his wife,
For whom ambitious Queens have been at strife :
He su'd for love, and strongly did importune
My heart, more pleas'd with a meaner fortune :
My breast was marble, and my heart forgot
All pitty, for indeed, I lov'd him not :
But Madam, you, to whose more wise directions
I bend the stoutest of my rash affections,
You have commanded, and your will shall be
The square of my uneven desires, and me :
I'll practise duty, and my deed shall show it :
I'll practise love, though Cupid never know it.*

When

When great *Basilus* (he whose Princely hand
Nourisht long peace in the *Arcadian* Land)
With triumph brought to his renowned Court
His new espoused Queen, was great resort
Of Foreign States, and Princes, to behold
The truth, that unbeliev'd report hath told
Of fair *Gynecia's* worth: Thither repair'd
The *Cyprian* Nobles, richly all prepar'd
In warlike furniture, and well addrest,
With solemn Jousts to glorifie the Feast
Of Marriage Royal, lately past between
Th' *Arcadian* King, and his thrice noble Queen,
The fair *Gynecia*, in whose face and brest,
Nature, and curious art had done their best,
To sum that rare perfection, which (in brief)
Transcends the power of a strong belief:
Her Syre was the *Cyprian* King, whose fame
Receiv'd more honor from her honor'd name,
Than if he had with his victorious hand,
Unsceptred half the Princes in the Land:
To tell the glory of this Royal Feast, —
The Bridegrooms state, and how the Bride was drest;
The princely service, and the rare delights;
The several names and worth of Lords and Knights;
The quaint *Impresa's*, their deviseful shows;
Their Martial sports, their oft redoubled blows;
The courage of this Lord, or that proud Horse,
Who ran, who got the better, who the worse,
Is not my task; not lies it in my way,
To make relation of it: Heralds may:
Yet fame and honor have selected one
From that illustrious crue; and him alone

Have recommended to my careful Quill,
Forbidding that his honor should lie still
Among the rest, whom fortune and his spirit
That day, had crowned with a victor's merit :
His name was *Argalus*, in *Cyprus* born :
And (if what is not ours, may adorn
Our proper fortunes) his Blood Royal springs
From th' ancient stock of the great *Cyprian* Kings :
His out-side had enough to satisfy
The expectation of a curious eye :
Nature was too too prodigal of her beauty,
To make him half so fair, whom fame and duty
He ought to honor, call'd so often forth,
T' approve the excellence of his manly worth :
His mind, was richful furnisht with the treasure
Of Moral knowledge, in so liberal measure,
Not to be proud : So valiant and so strong
Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong :
Friendly to all men, inward but with few ;
Fast to his old friends, and unapt for new :
Lord of his word, and master of his passion,
Serious in business, choice in recreation :
Not too mistrustful, and yet wisely wary ;
Hard to resolve, and then as hard to vary :
And to conclude, the world could hardly find
So rare a body with so rare a mind.

Thrice





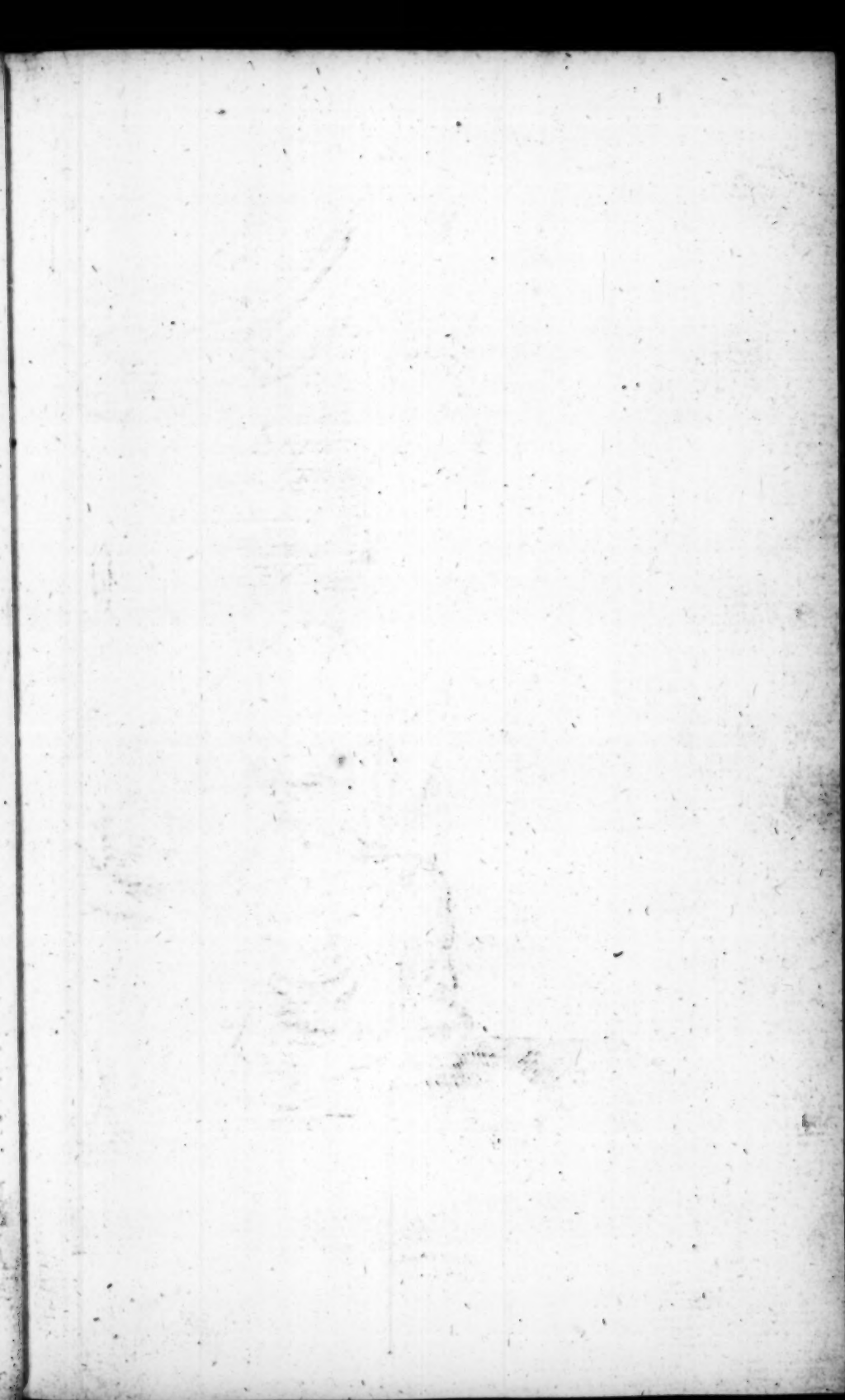
(3)

Thrice had the bright surveyer of the Heaven
Divided out the days and nights by even
And equal hours, since this child of fame
(Invited by the glory of her name,)
First view'd *Parthenias* face, whose mutual eye
Shot equal flames, and with the secret eye
Of undisclos'd affection, joyn'd together
Their yielding hearts, their loves unknown to either :
Both dearly lov'd ; the more they strove to hide
Their love, affection they the more descry'd.
*It lies beyond the power of art to smother
Affection, where one virtue findes another.*
One was their thoughts, and their desires one,
And yet both lov'd, unknown; belov'd, unknown:
One was the Dart, that at the self-same time
Was sent, that wounded her, that wounded him,
Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both griev'd ;
Yet, where they both could help, was none reliev'd :
Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none
But two in all, and yet that *all* but one,
By this time had their barren Lips betray'd
Their timorous silence ; now they had display'd
Loves sanguine colours, whilst the winged Child
Sate in a Tree, and clapt his hands, and smil'd
To see the combat of two wounded friends.
He strikes and wounds himself, while she defends
That would be wounded, for her pain proceeds,
And flows from his, and from his wound she bleeds ;

She plays at him, and aiming at his brest,
 Pierc'd her own heart : And when his hand addrest
 The blow to her fair bosom, there it found
 His own dear heart, and gave that heart the wound :
 At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yield,
 Both lost the day, and yet both won the field :
 And as the warfare of their tongues did cease,
 Their Lips gave earnest of a joyful peace.

*But O the hideous chances that attend
 A lovers progress to his journies end !
 How many desprate rubs, and dangers wait
 Each minute on his miserable state !
 His hopes do build, what straight his fears destroy :
 Sometimes he surfeits with excess of joy :
 Sometimes despairing ere to find relief,
 He roars beneath the tyranny of grief ;
 And when loves current runs with greatest force,
 Some obvious mischief still disturbs the course :
 For lo, no sooner the discovered flame
 Of these new parted lovers did proclaim
 Loves sacred Jubilee, but the Virgin Mother
 (The posture of whose visage did discover
 Some serious matter, harb'ring in her brest)
 Enters the room : Half angry, half in jest,
 She thus began: *My dearest child, this night,
 when as the silent darkness did invite.**

Mine





(4)

Mine eyes to slumber, sundry thoughts possess
My troubled mind, and robb'd me of my rest ;
I slept not, till the early Bugle-horn
Of Chaunticlere had summon'd in the morn
T' attend the light, and nurse the new born Day.
At last, when Morpheus, with his Leaden Key
Had lock'd my senses, and enlarg'd the power
Of my Heav'n-guided fancy, for an hour
I slumbred ; and before my slumbring eyes,
One, and the self same dream presented thrice ;
I wak'd ; and being frighted at the Vision,
Perceiv'd the gods had made an Apparition.
My dream was this : Me thought I saw thee sitting
Drest like a Princely Bride, with Robes besitting
The State of Majesty ; thy Nymph-like Hair
Loosly disbevel'd, and thy Brows did bear
A Cypress wreath ; and (thrice three moneths expir'd)
Thy pregnant womb grew heavy, and requir'd
Lucina's aid ; with that me thought I saw
A team of harneſt Peacocks fiercely draw
A fiery Chariot from the fliting skie,
wherein there sat the glorious Majesty
Of great Saturnia, on whose train attended
A host of goddesses ; Juno descended
From out the flaming Chariot, and bleſt
Thy painful womb ; Thy pains a while increaſt,
At length ſhe laid her gentle palms upon
Thy fruitful flank, and there was born a ſon.

She

*She made thee Mother of a smiling Boy,
And after, blest thee with a Mothers joy,
She kist the Babe, whose fortune she foretold;
For on his head she set a crown of gold;
Forthwith, as if the Heavens had cloven insunder,
Methought I heard the horrid noise of thunder:
The hail storm'd down, and yet the skie was clear,
Some Hailstones that descended did appear,
As Orient Pearls, some like refined Gold,
Whereat the goddess turn'd, and said, Behold,
Great Jove hath sent a gift; go forth, and take't:
Thus having spoke, she vanish, and I wak'd:
I wak'd, and waking trembled; for I knew
They were no idle passages, that grew
From my distempered thoughts: 'twas not a vain
Delusion roving from a troubled brain.
It was a vision, and the gods forespake
Partheniaes fortune? Gods cannot mistake.
I lik'd the dream, wherein the Heavens foretold
Thy joyful Marriage, and the shower of Gold
Betokened wealth: The Infants Golden Crown,
Ensuing honor: Juno's coming down,
A safe deliverance; and the smiling Boy
Sum'd up the total of a Mothers joy:
But what the wreath Of Cypress (that was set
Upon thy nuptial Brows) presag'd, as yet
The gods keep from me: If that secret do
Portend and evil, Heav'n keep it from thee too.
Advise Parthenia: Seek not to withstand
The plot wherein the gods vouchsafe a hand:
Submit thy will to theirs; what they enjoyn,
Must be; nor lies it in my power, or thine*

To contradict : Endeavor to fulfil
what else must come to pass against thy will :
Now by the filial duty thou doest bear
The gods and me, or if ought else more dear
Can force obedience ; as thou hop'st to speed
At the gods hands, in greatest time of need ;
By Heaven, by Hell, by all the powers above,
I here conjure Parthenia to remove
All fond conceits, that labor to disjoyn
what, Heaven hath knit, Demagoras heart and thine ;
The gods are faithful ; and their wisdoms know
what's better for us mortals, than we do :
Doubt not (my child) the gods cannot deceive,
what Heaven does offer, fear not to receive
With thankful hands, pass not so slightly over
The dear affection of so true a lover :
Pity his flames, relieve his tortur'd breast,
That findes abroad no joy, at home no rest :
But, like a wounded Hart before the Hounds,
That flies with Cupid's javelin in his wounds :
Stir up thy rak'd up embers of desire ;
The gods will bring in fuel and blow the fire ;
Be gentle ; let thy cordial smiles revive
His wasted spirits, that onely cares to live
To do thee honor : It was Cupid's will,
The Dart he sent, should onely wound, not kill ;
Yield then : and let the engag'd gods pour down
Their promis'd blessings on thy head, and crown
Thy youth with joys ; and must thou after be
As blest in thine, as I am blest in thee.

So said ; the fair Parthenia, to whose heart
Her fixt desires had taught th'unwilling Art

Of disobedience, calls her judgment in,
 And, of two evils, determines it a sin
 More venial, by a resolute denial,
 To prove undutiful, than be disloyal
 To him, whose heart a sacred Vow had tied
 So fast to hers; and (weeping) thus replied.

Madam,

*The angry gods have late conspir'd to show
 The utmost their intraged hands could do,
 And having laid aside all mercy, stretch
 Their power, to make one miserable wretch,
 Whose curst and tortur'd soul must onely be
 The subject of their wrath; and I am she.
 Hard is the case! My dear desires must fail,
 My vows must crack, my plighted faith be frail;
 Or else affection must be so exil'd
 A Mothers heart, that she renounce her child.*

And as she spake that word, a flowing tide
 Of tears gusht out, whose violence deny'd
 Th' intended passage of her doubling tongue;
 She stopt a while, then on the floor she flung
 Her prostrate body, while her hands did tear
 (Not knowing what they did) her dainty hair:
 Sometimes she struck the ground, sometimes her brest;
 Began some words, and then wept out the rest:
 At last, her liveless hands did, by degrees,
 Raise her cast body on her feeble knees,
 And humbly rearing her sad eyes upon
 Her Mothers frowning visage, thus went on.

*Upon these knees, these knees that ne'r were bent,
 To you in vain; that never did press*

Their

Their unrewarded duty: never rose
 without a Mothers blessing; upon those,
 Upon those naked knees I recommend
 To your dear thoughts, those torments that attend
 Your poor Parthenia, whose unknown distress
 Craves rather death, than language to express.
 What shall I do? Demagoras and death
 Sound both alike to these sad ears; that breath
 That names the one, does nominate the other:
 No, no, I cannot love him, my dear Mother.
 Command Parthenia now to undergo
 what death you please, and these quick hands shall show
 The seal of my obedience in my heart:
 The gods themselves, that have a secret art
 To force affection, cannot violate
 The Law of Nature, nor the course of Fate.
 Can Earth forget her burthen, and ascend?
 Or can th' aspiring flames be taught to tend
 To the Earth? If fire descend, and Earth aspire,
 Earth were no longer Earth, nor Fire, Fire:
 Even so, by Nature, 'tis all one to me,
 To love Demagoras and not to be:
 No, no, the Heavens can do no act that's greater,
 Than (having made so) to preserve their creature:
 And think you that the righteous Gods will fill me
 With such false joys, as (if enjoy'd) would kill me?
 I know that they are merciful, what they
 Command, they give a power to obey:
 The joyful Vision that your slumbring eyes
 Of late beheld, did promise and comprise
 A fairer fortune, than the Heavens can share
 The poor Partheniaes merit; whom despair

Hath swallow'd: Your prophetick dream descri'd
 A Royal Marriage; pointed out the Bride:
 Her safe deliverance; and her smiling son;
 Honor and wealth; and after all was done,
 There wants a Bridegroom: Him, th' Heavens have seal'd
 Within my Brest, by me, to be reveal'd;
 Which if your patience shall vouchsafe to hear,
 My Lips shall recommend unto your ear.

When as Basilius (may whose royal hand
 Long sway the Scepter of th' Arcadian Land)
 From Cyprus brought his more than Princely Bride,
 The fair Gynecia, (whom as Greece deny'd
 An equal; so the world acknowledg'd none
 As her superior in perfection:)
 Upon this Ladies royal train, and state
 A great concourse of Nobles did await,
 And Cyprian Princes, with their Princely port,
 To see her crown'd in the Arcadian Court:
 Illustrious Princes were they; but, as far
 As midnight Phoebe out-shines a twinkling star;
 So far, amongst this rout of Princes, one
 Surpass the rest, in honor and renown:
 Whose perfect virtue findes more admiration
 In the Arcadian Court, than imitation:
 In th' ex'cellence of his outward parts, and feature,
 The world conceives, the curious hand of Nature
 Out-went it self; which being richly fraught
 And furnisht with transcendent worth, is thought
 To be the chosen fortress for protection
 Of all the Arts, and store-house of Perfection:
 The Cyprus stock did ne'r, till now, bring forth
 So rare a Branch, whose undervalued worth

*Brings greater glory to the Arcadian Land,
Than can the dull Arcadians understand :*

His name is Argalus :

*He (Madam) was that Cypress wreath, that crown'd
My nuptial brows : And now the Bridegroom's found,
Cloath'd in the myst'ry of that Cypress wreath ;
which, since the better gods have pleas'd to breath
Into my soul, O may I cease to bee*

If ought but death part Argalus and me:

Yet does my safe obedience not withstand

what you desire, or what the gods command :

For what the gods command is your desire

Parthenia should obey, and not respire

Against their sacred counsels, or withstand

The plot, wherein they have vouchsaf'd a hand :

we must submit our wills ; what they enjoyn

Must be ; nor lies it in your power or mine,

To cross : we must endeavor to fulfil

what else must come to pass against our will ;

My vows are past, and second Heavens decree,

Nothing shall part my Argalus and me.

So said ; th' impatient Mothers kindled eye

(Half closed with a murderous frown) let flie

A scorching Fire-ball, from whence was shed

Some drops of choler ; sternly shakes her head ;

With trembling hands unlocks the door, and flees ;

Leaving Parthenia on her aking knees :

And as she fled, her fury thus began

To open, And is Argalus the man ?

But there she stops, and striving to express

What rage had prompted, could do nothing less.

*All you whose dear affections have been tost
 In Cupid's Blanket, and unjustly crost
 By wilful Parents, whose extream command
 Hath made you groan beneath their tyrannous hand,
 That take a furious pleasure to divorce
 Your souls from your best thoughts, (nay, what is worse
 Than torture) force your fancies to respect,
 And dearly love, whom most you disaffect ;
 Draw near, and comfort the distressed heart
 Of poor Parthenia ; let your eyes impart
 One drop at least : And whoso'er thou be
 That read'st these Lines, may thy desires see
 The like success, if reading, thou forbear,
 To wet this very Paper with a tear.*

Behold (poor Lady) how an hours time
 Hath pluck'd her faded Roses from their prime,
 Who like an unregarded ruine, lies,
 With deaths untimely image in her eyes :
 She, she, whom hopeful thoughts had newly crown'd
 With promis'd joys, lies grov'ling on the ground ;
 Her weary hand sustains her drooping head ;
 (Too soft a Pillow for so hard a Bed)
 Her eyes swoln up, as loth to see the light,
 That would discover so forlorn a sight :
 The flaxen wreath of her neglected hairs
 Stick fast to her pale Cheeks with dried tears ;
 And at first blush, she seems, as if it were
 Some curious statue on a Sepulchre :
 Sometimes her briny Lips would whisper thus,
My Argalus, My dearest Argalus :
 And then they clos'd again, as if the one
 Had kiss'd the other, for that service done,

In naming *Argalus* : Sometimes oppress'd
With a deep sigh, she gave her fainting breast
A sudden stroke ; and after that another,
Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted mother !*
And sick with her own thoughts, her passion strove
Betwixt the two extreams of grief and love :
The more she griev'd, the more her love abounded :
The more she lov'd, the more her heart was wounded
With desp'rate grief : at length, the tyrannous force
Of love and grief, sent forth this self discourse.
*How art thou chang'd (Parthenia) how hath passion
Put all thy thoughts and senses out of fashion ?
Exil'd thy little judgement, and betray'd thee
To thine own self ? How nothing hath it made thee
How is thy weather-beaten soul oppress'd
With storms and tempests blown from the North-east
Of cold despair ? which, long ere this, had found
Eternal rest ; had been o'erwhelm'd and drown'd
In the deep gulf of all my miseries,
Had I not pumpt this water from mine eyes ;
My Argalus ; O where, O where art thou ?
Thou little think'st thy poor Parthenia now
Is tortur'd for thy sake ; alas, (dear heart !)
Thou knowest not th'unsufferable smart
I undergo for thee : Thou dost not keep
A Register of those sad tears I weep,
No, no, thou dost not.
Well, well ; from henceforth, Fortune, do not spare
To do the worst thy active mischief dare ;
Devise new torments, or repeat the old,
Until thou burst, or I complain : Behold,
As bitter ; I disdain thy rage, thy power ;*

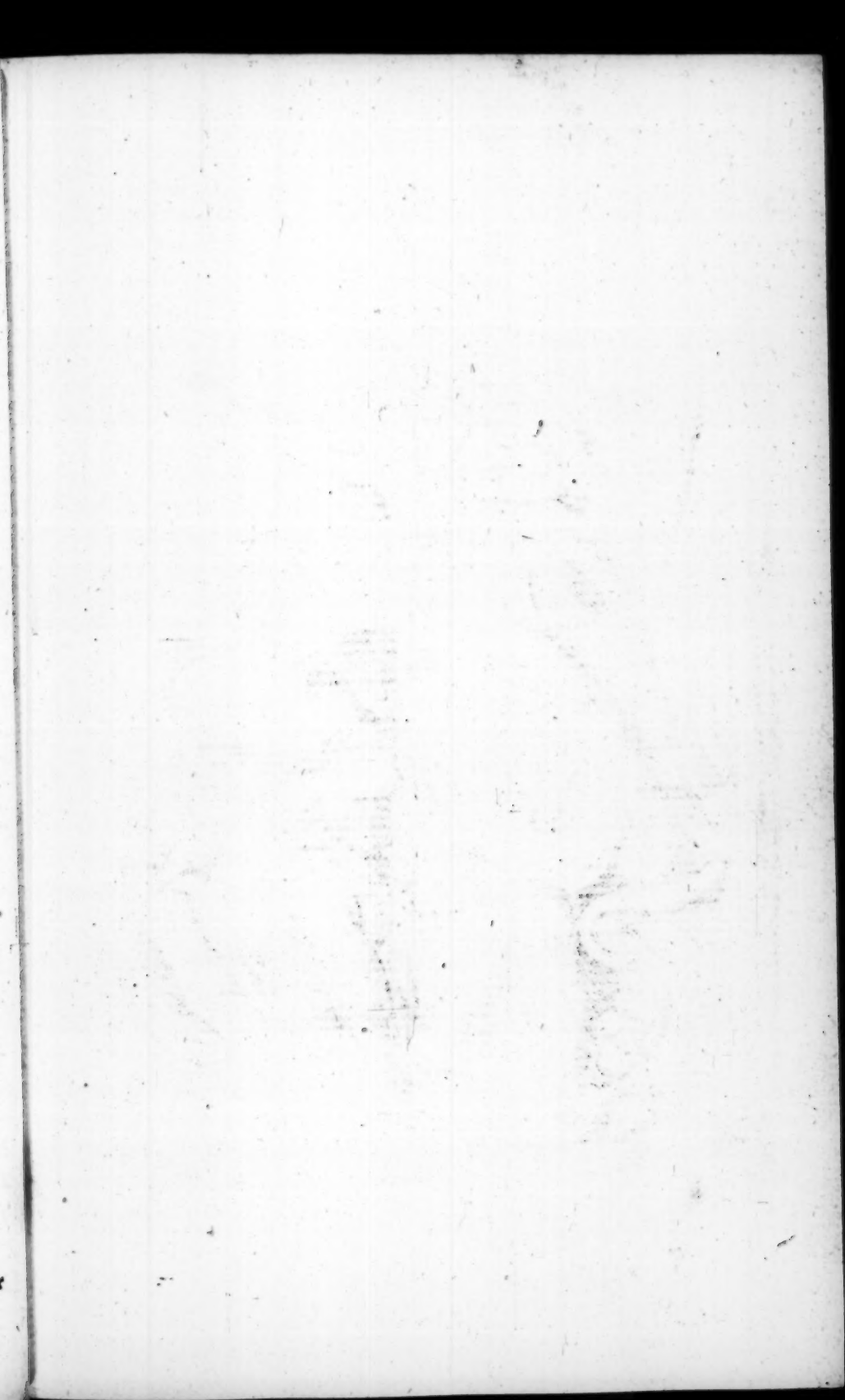
*who's level'd with the Earth, can fall no lower ;
 Do ; spit thy venome forth, and temper all
 Thy studied actions with the spirit of gall :
 Thy practis'd malice can no charm devise
 Too sure for Argalus to exercise :
 His love shall sweeten death, and make torture
 My sportful pastime, to make hours shorter :
 His love shall fill my heart, and leave no room
 wherein your rage may practise Martyrdom.
 But ere that word could usher out another,
 The tender Virgins marble-hearted mother,
 Enters the Chamber ; with a chang'd aspect
 Beholds Parthenia ; with a new respect
 Salutes her child, and (having clos'd the door)
 Her helpful arm removes her from the floor
 Whereon she lay, and being set together,
 In gentle terms, she thus did commune with her :*

*Perverse Parthenia, is thy heart so sworn
 To Argalus his love, that it must scorn
 Demag'ras ? are your souls enjoin'd so close,
 That my entreaty may not interpose ?
 If so, what help ? yet let a Mothers care
 Be not contemn'd, that bids her child beware.
 The Sickle that's too early, cannot reap
 A fruitful Harvest ; look before you leap.
 Adjourn your thoughts, and make a wise delay,
 You cannot measure Virtue in a day ;
 Virtues appear, but Vices balk the light ;
 'Tis hard to read a vice at the first sight.
 False are those joys that are not mixt with doubt,
 Fire easily kindled, will not easily out :*

*Divide that love, which thou bestow'd on one,
Twixt two; try both, then take the best or none:
Consult with time; for time bewrays, discovers:
The faith, the love, the constancy of lovers.
Acts done in hast, by leisure are repented,
And things, soon past, are oft too late lamented.
With that Parthenia rising from her place,
And bowing with incomparable grace,
Made this reply: Madam, each several day
Since first you gave this body being, may
Write a large volume of your tender care,
whose hourly goodness, if it should compare
with my deserts, alas, the world would show
Too great a sum for one poor heart to owe.
I must confess my heart is not so sworn
To Argalus his merit, as to scorn
Demagoras; nor yet so loosely tide,
That I can slip the knot, and so divide
Entire affection, which must not be sever'd,
Nor ever can be (but in vain) endeavor'd:
My heart is one, and by one power guided:
One is no number, cannot be divided:
And Cupid's learned Schoolmen have resolv'd,
That love divided, is but love dissolv'd:
But yet, what plighted faith and honor may
Not now undo, your counsel shall delay.
Madam, Partheniaes hand is not so greedy,
To reap her corn, before her corn be ready:
Her unadvised sickle shall not thrust
Into her hopeful Harvest, ere needs must:
To yours, Parthenia shall submit her skill,
whose season shall be season'd by your will:*

*Her time of Harvest shall admit no measure,
But onely what's proportioned by your pleasure.*

So ended she ; but till that darkness got
The mast'ry of the light, they parted not :
The Mother pleads for the *Laconian* Lord ;
The daughter (whose impatience had abhorr'd
His very name, had not her Mother spok't)
She pleads her vow, which cannot be revok't :
Yet still the Mother pleads, and does omit
No way untry'd, that a hard-hearted wit
Knows to devise : perswades, allures, intreats,
Mingles her words with smiles, with tears, with threats ;
Commands, conjures, tries one way, tries another,
Does th' utmost that a marble-brested Mother
Can do ; and yet the more she did apply,
The more she taught *Parthenia* to deny ;
The more she did assault, the more contend,
The more she taught the Virgin to defend :
At last, despairing (for her words did find
More hopes to move a Mountain than her mind)
She spake no more : but from her chair she started,
And spit these words, *Go peevish Girl*, and parted :
Away she flings, and finding no success
In her lost words, her fury did address
Her raging thoughts to a new studied plot :
Actions must now enforce, what words could not,
Treason is in her thoughts : her furious breath
Can whisper now no language under death :
Poor *Argalus* must die, and his remove
Must make the passage to *Demagoras* love :
And till that bar be broken, or put by,
No hope to speed : Poot *Argalus* must die.





(5)

Demagoras is call'd to counsel now,
Consults, consents, and after mutual vow,
Resolving on the act, they both conspire
Which way to execute their close desire :
Drawing his keen *Stiletto* from his side,
Madam (said he) *this medicine well apply'd*
To Argalus his bosom, will give rest
To him and me : the sudden way is best.
My Lord : your trembling hand (said she) *may miss*
The mark, and then your self in danger is
Of out-cry ; or perchance his own resistance :
Attempts are dangerous, at so small a distance :
A Drug's the better weapon, which does breath
Deaths secret errand, carries sudden death
Clos'd up in sweetness : Come, a Drug strikes sure,
And works our ends, and yet we sleep secure :
My Lord, bethink no other : set your rest
Upon these Cards : the surest way it best :
Leave me to manage our successful Plot,
And if these studious brows contrive it not
Too sure for art of Magick to prevent,
Ne'r trust a womans wit when fully bent
To take revenge : Be gone, my Lord, Repose
The trust in me : Onely be wise, be close.

That night, when as the universal shade
Of the unspangled Heaven and Earth, had made
An utter darkness ; (darkness apt to further
The horrid enterprize of rapes and murder)

She,

She, she, that now lacks nothing to procure
 A full revenge, she calls *Athleia* to her,
 (*Parthenia's* handmaid) whom she thus bespake:

Athleia, dare thy private thoughts partake
 with mine? Canst thou be secret? Has thy heart
 A lock, that none can pick by theevisb art,
 Or break by force? tell me, canst thou digest
 A secret, trusted to thy faithful Brest?

Madam (said she) Let me never be true
 To my own thoughts, if ever false to you:
 Speak what you please; *Athleia* shall conceal;
 Torments may make me roar, but ne'r reveal.

Reply'd the Lady then: *Athleia* knows
 How much, how much my dear affection owes
Parthenia's heart, whose welfare is the crown
 Of all my joys, which now is overthrown,
 And deeply buried in forgotten dust,
 If thou betray the secret of my trust;
 It lieth in thy power to remove
 Approaching evils: *Parthenia* is in love:
 Her wasted spirits languish in her brest
 And nought, but look'd for death, can give her rest:
 'Tis *Argalus* she loves; who with disdain
 Requites her love, not loving her again;
 He slights her tears; the more that he neglects:
 The more entirely she (poor soul) affects.
 She groans beneath the burthen of despair,
 And with her sighs she cloyes the idle air:
 Thou art acquainted with her private fears,
 And you, so oft exchanging tongues and tears,
 Must know too much, for one poor heart t' endure;
 But desperate's the wound admits no cure:

*It lies in thee to help: Athleia say,
Wilt thou assist me, if I find the way?*

*Madam, my forced ignorance shall be
Sufficient earnest for my secrecy:
Your Lips have utter'd nothing that is new
To Athleia's ears; alas, it is too true:
Long, long ere this, your servant had reveal'd
The same to you, had not these Lips been seal'd:
But if my best endeavors may extend
To bring my Ladies sorrows to an end,
Let allth' enraged Deities allot
To me worse torment, if I do it not:
My life's too poor to hazard for her ease;
Madam, I'll do't, Command me what you please.
So said: the treacherous Lady stept aside,
Into her serious closet; and appli'd
Her hasty, and perfidious hands, to frame
This forged Letter, in Partheniaes name.*

To her faithful Argalus.

*Although the malice of a Mother
Does yet enforce my tongue to smother
What my desire is should flame;
Yet Parthenia's the same.*

*Although my fire be hid a while,
'Tis but fire slak'd with oyl:
Before seven Suns shall rise and fall,
It shall burn, and blaze withal.*

What

*What I send thee, drink with speed.
Else let my Argalus take heed?
Unless thy providence withstand,
There is treason near at hand:
Drink as thou lov'st me, and it shall secure thee
From future dangers, or from past, recure thee.*

Thy constant Parthenia.

*This done, and seal'd, she op'd her private door,
Call'd in Athleia, and said, For every sore
The gods provide a salve; force must prevail,
Where sighs and tears, and deep entreaties fail.*

Forthwith



(6)

Forthwith, from out her Cabinet she took
A little glass, and said, *Athleia; look,*
within these slender walls, these glazed lists,
Partheniaes happiness, and life consists:
It is Nepenthe; which the factious Gods
Do use to drink, when ere they be at odds;
whose secret virtue (so infus'd by Jove)
Does turn deep hatred, into dearest love;
It makes the proudest lover whine and bawl,
And such to dote, as never lov'd at all:
Here, take this glass, and recommend the same
To Argalus in his Partheniaes name,
And to his hand, to his own hand commit
This Letter; between Argalus and it
Let no Eye come: Be sure thy speed prevent
The rising Sun; and so heavens crown th'event.

By this, the feather'd *Belman* of the night
Sent forth his midnight summons, to invite
All eyes to slumber: when they both address
Their thoughtful mindes, to take a doubtful rest.

O Heavens, and you, O you celestial powers,
That never slumber, but imploy all hours
In mans protection; still preserving, keeping
Our souls from obvious dangers, waking, sleeping.
O, can your all discerning eyes behold
Such impious actions prosper uncontroul'd?
O can your hearts, your tender hearts endure
To see your servant (that now sleeps secure,

Unarm'd

Unarm'd, unwarn'd, and having no defence,
 But your protection, and his innocence)
 Betray'd and murther'd, drawing at one breath
 His own prepar'd destruction, his own death ?
 And will ye suffer 't ? he that is the crown
 Of priz'd virtue, honor and renown ;
 The flower of Arts ; the Cyprian living story :
 'Arcadia's Garland, and great Greece's glory ;
 The Earth's new wonder, and the Worlds example,
 Must die betray'd ; Treason and Death must trample
 Upon his life ; and in the dust must lie
 As much admir'd perfection, as can die.
 No, Argalus, the coward hand of death,
 Durst ne'r assault thee, if not underneath
 The mask of love : Thou art above the reach
 Of open wrongs ; mans force could ne'r make breach
 Into thy life : No, Death could ne'r uncase
 Thy soul, had she appeared face to face.
 Dream, Argalus, and let thy thoughts be troubled
 With murders, treasons, let thy dreams be doubled :
 And what thy frighted fancy shall perceive,
 Be wisely superstitious, and believe.
 O, that my lines could wake thee now, and sever
 Those eye-lids, that ere long must sleep for ever :
 Wake now or never Argalus, and withstand
 Thy danger : wake, the Murtherers is at hand :
 Parthenia, O Parthenia, who shall weep
 Thy world of tears ? Canst thou, O canst thou sleep ?
 Will thy dull Genius give thee leave to slumber ?
 Does nothing trouble thee ? no dream incumber
 Thy frighted thoughts, and Argalus so near
 His latest hour : Not one dreaming tear ?

Sleep

*Sleep on: and when thy flattering slumber's past,
Perchance, thine eyes will learn to weep as fast:
His death is plotted; and this morning light
Must send him down, into eternal night:
Nay, what is worse than worst; his dying breath
Will censure thee, as Agent to his death.*

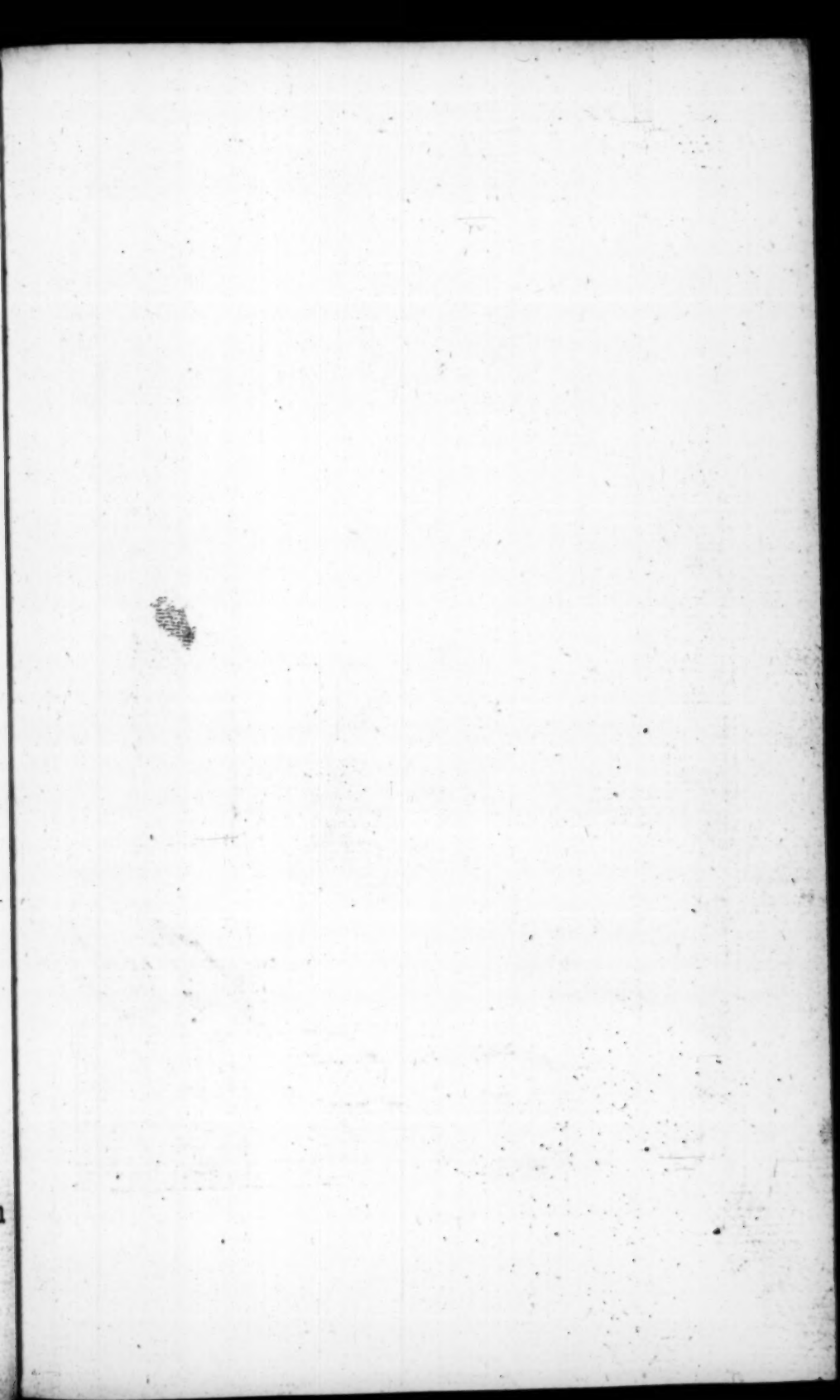
By this, the broad-fac'd *Quirister* of night
Surceas'd her screeching note, and took her flight
To the next neighboring Ivy: Birds and Beasts
Forsoke the warm protection of their Nests,
And nightly Dens, whilst darkness did display
Her sable Curtains to let in the day;
When sad *Athleia's* dream had unbenighted
Her slumbring eies, her busie thoughts were frighted;
She rose, and trembled; and being half distraught
With her prophetick fears, she thus bethought
*what ails the gods thus to disturb my rest,
And make such Earth-quakes in my troubled brest?
Nothing but death, and murders? Graves and Bells,
Frightning my fancy, with their hourly Knells?
'Twas nothing but a dream; and dreams, they say,
Expound themselves the clean contrary way:
The Riddle's read; and now I understand
My dreams intent: Some marriage is at hand:
For Death interpreted is nothing else
But Marriage; and the melancholly Bells
Is mirth and musick: By the Grave, is read
The joyful, joyful, joyful marriage bed:
I, it is plain: and now, methinks, 't was I
That my prophetick dream foretold should die.
If this be death, Death exercise thy power,
And let *Athleia* die within this hour:*

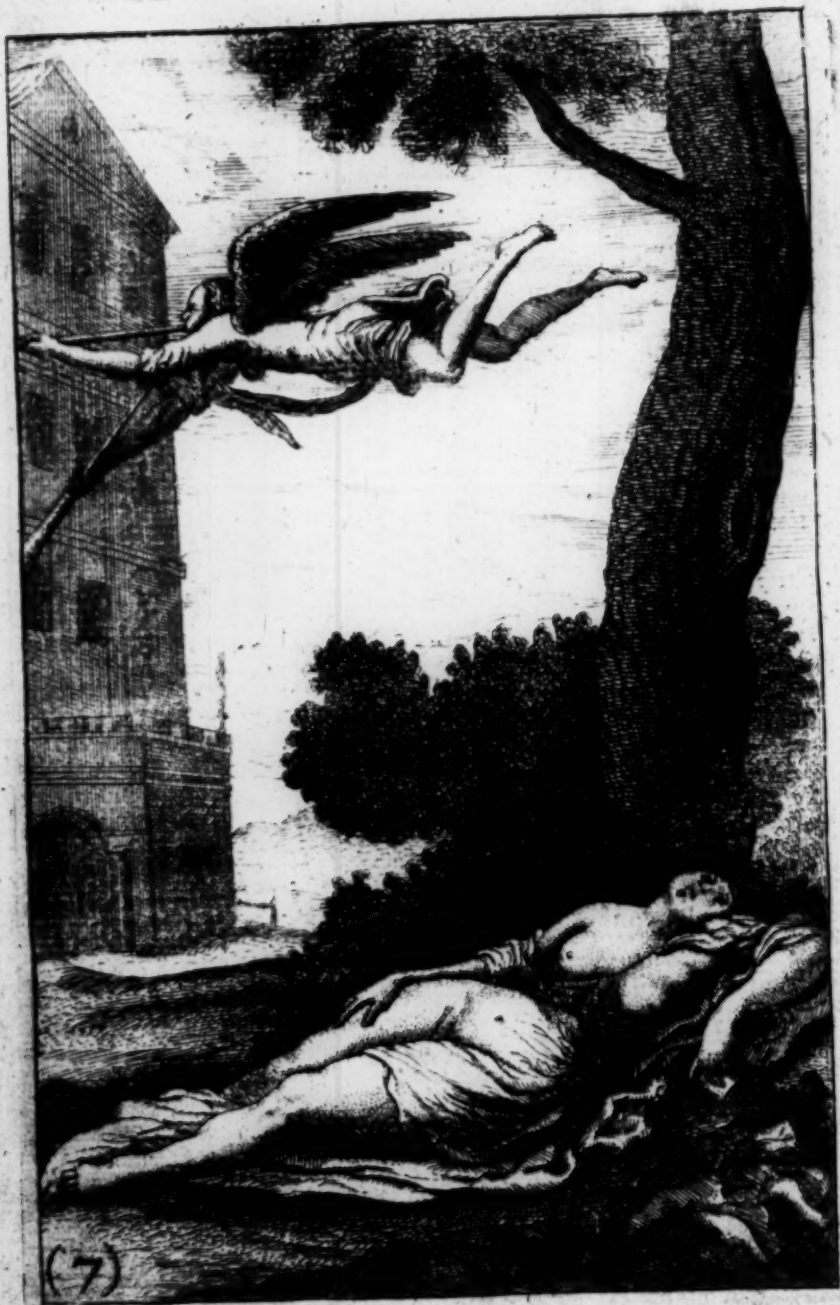
*Do, do thy worst, Athleia's faithful breath
Shall pray for nothing more than sudden death.
But stay, Athleia, the too forward day
Begins to gild the East ; away, away.*

So having said, the nimble-fingered Lass
Took the forg'd Letter, and the amorous glass :
And to her early progress she applies her :
Departs, and towards *Argalus* she hies her ;
But every step she took, her mind enforc'd
New thoughts, and with her self she thus discours'd :

*How frail's the nature of a womans will !
How cross ! The thing that's most forbidden, still
They more desire ; and least inclin'd to do,
What they are most of all perswaded to :
Had not (alas) my Lady bound these hands,
Athleia ne'r had struggled with her bands :
I must not taste it ! Had she not enjoyn'd
My lips from tasting it, Athleia's mind
Had never thought on't ; now methinks I long ;
Desires, if once confin'd, become too strong
For womans conquer'd reason to resist :
A womans reason's measur'd by her list.
I long to taste ; yet was there nothing did
Move my desire, but that I was forbid.*

With





(7)

With that she staid her weary steps, and hasted
T' unty the glass; lift up her arm, and tasted:
That done (and having now attain'd, almost,
Her journeys end) the little time she lost,
New speed regains: The nimble ground she traces
With double hast, and quick redoubled paces,
All on a sudden she begins to faint:
Her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint:
Her blistred tongue grows hot, her liver glows:
Her veins do boil, her colour comes and goes,
She staggers, falls, and on the ground she lies:
Swells like a bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.

Thus from her ruine *Argalus* derives
His longer life, and by her death he lives;
Live *Argalus*, and let the gods allot
Such morning-draughts, to those that love thee not,
Live long, and let the righteous Powers above,
That hath preserv'd thee for *Partheniaes* love,
Crown all thy hopes, and fortunes with event
Too sure, for second treasons to prevent.

By this time, did the lavish breath of Fame
Give language to her Trumpet, and proclaim
Athleiaes death, the current of which news
Truth's warrant, had forbidden to abuse
Deceived ears: Which when the lady heard
Whose treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd
To entertain a murther, she arose
And with rude violence desperately throws

Her trembling body on the naked floor,
 But what she said, and did, I will deplore,
 Not utter ; but with forced silence smother,
 Because she was the fair *Parthenia's* Mother:
 May it suffice, that the extreams of shame,
 And unresisted sorrow overcame
 Her disappointed malice, less lamenting
 The treason, than success ; and more repenting
 Of what she fail'd to do, than what she did,
 Her sullen soul despairs ; her thoughts forbid
 What reason wants the power to perswade ;
 And griefs being grown too deep for her to wade ,
 She sinks ; and with a hollow sigh she cried,
Welcome thou easer of all evils, and died.

Now tongues begin to walk ; and every ear
 Hath got the *Satyrasis* to hear
 This tragick Scene : the breath of *Fame* grows bold,
 Fears no repulse, and scorns to be control'd :
 Whilst loud report (whose tender Lips, before,
 Durst onely whisper) now begins to roar ;
 The letter found in dead *Athleia's* brest,
 Bewray'd the plot, and what (before) was guest,
 Is now confirm'd and clear'd : for all men knew
 Whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew ;

*But have we lost Parthenia ? In what Isle
 Of endless sorrow lurks she all this while ?
 Sweet Reader, urge me not to tell, for fear
 Thy heart dissolve, and melt into a tear :
 Excuse my silence : if my lines should speak,
 Such marble hearts, as could not melt, would break.
 No, leave her to her self ; it is not fit
 To write, what being read, you'd wish unwrit :*

*I leave this task to those, that take delight,
To see poor Ladies tortur'd in despite
Of all remorse; whose hearts are still at strife
To paint a torment to the very life;
I leave that task to such, as have the pow'r
To weep, and smile again within an hour:
To those whose flinty hearts are more contented
To live a grief, than pity the tormented:
Let it suffice, that had not Heaven protected
Her Argalus, the joy whereof corrected
That furious grief, which passion recommended
To her sad thoughts, her story here had ended.
When time the enemy of Fame had clos'd
Her babling Lips, and gently had compos'd
Partheniaes sorrows, raising from the ground
Her body spent with grief, and almost drown'd
In her own tears, a long expected Scean
Of better fortune enters in, to drean
Her marish eyes: her stormy night of tears
Being past, a welcome day of joy appears.
The Rock's remov'd, and loves wide Ocean now
Gives room enough; looks with a milder brow.
Reader, forget thy sorrows: Let thine ear
Welcome the tidings thou so long'st to hear:
A lovers diet's sweet commixt with sowre;
His Hell and Heaven oft times divides an hour.*

(8)

Now *Argalus* can find a fair access
To his *Parthenia* : Now fears nothing less
Than ears and eyes ; and now *Parthenia's* heart
Can give her tongue the freedom to impart
His louder welcome, whilst her greedy eye
Can look her fill, and fear no stander by :
She's not *Parthenia*, he not present with her ;
And he not *Argalus*, if not together :
Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles ; their tongues with chat ;
Now, this they make their subject ; and now that :
One while they laugh, and laughing, wrangle too,
And jar, as jealous lovers use to do :
And then a kiss must make them friends again :
Faith, one's too little ; Lovers must have twain :
Two brings in ten, Ten multiplies to twenty :
That, to a hundred : then because the plenty
Grows troublesom to count, and does incumber
Their Lips, their Lips gave kisses without number :
Their thoughts run back to former times : they told
Of all loves passages they had of old :
Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why ;
The manner how, and who were present by :
The Mothers craft, her undeceiv'd suspicion,
Her baited words, her marble disposition :
His pining thoughts, and her projecting fears :
His soliloquies, and her secret rears :
Where first they met, th' occasion of their meeting :
Their complement, the manner of their greeting :

His



His danger, his deliverance, and the reason
That first induc'd the Agents to the Treason.
Thus by the privilege of time and leasure
Their sweet discourses (crown'd with mutual pleasure
Commixt with grief) they equal with the light,
And after, grumble at the envious night,
Which bids them part too soon : what day deny'd
In words, in thoughts the tedious night supply'd,
Which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong,
To make the day so short, the night so long.

But now the little winged-god repented
That he had laugh'd so much, his heart relented,
His very soul grew sad, his blinded eye
Began to weep at his own tyranny :
Laments their sorrows : findes a secret way,
To make the night as pleasing as the day :
Calls *Hymen* in, and in his ear discovers
The lingering torments of these wounded Lovers :
Gives him a charge, no longer to defer,
T'ingross their names within his Register.
And now *Partheniaes* harvest draweth near :
(The dearly purchas'd price of many a tear)
Her joy shall reap, what a world of grief hath sown :
The time's appointed, and the day's set down,
Wherein sweet *Hymen*, with his nuptial bands,
Shall joyn together their espoused hands.

Here stop my Muse : retire thy self and stay,
To gather breath against the *Marriage-day*.

*Reader, the joyful Bride salutes ye all,
In her behalf, if any have let fall
A tender tear, to those she makes request,
That they'll be pleas'd to grace her Marriage Feast.*

Argalus

ARGALUS

AND

PARTHENIA.

Willm

The Second Part.

Spurcell

Ejus Libris

Sail gentle Pinnace: Now the Heavens are clear,
 The Winds blow fair: Behold the Harbor's near
 Tridented *Neptune* hath forgot to frown,
 The Rocks are past: The storm is over-blown.
 Up weather-beaten Voyagers, and rouse ye,
 Forsake your loathed Cabbins: Up and louze ye
 Upon the open Decks, and smell the Land:
 Cheer up, the welcome Shore is nigh at hand:
 Sail gentle Pinnace, with a prosperous gale,
 To th' Isle of *Peace*: Sail, gentle Pinnace, fail:
Fortune conduct thee! Let thy keel divide
 The Silver streams, that thou maist safely slide
 Into the bosome of thy quiet Key,
 And quit thee fairly of th'injurious Sea.

*Great Sea-born Queen, thy birth-right gives thee power
 T' assist poor suppliants, grant one happy hour:
 O, let these wounded Lovers be possess'd,
 At length, of their so long desired rest.*
 Now, now the joyful marriage-day draws on:
 The Bride is busie, and the Bridegroom's gone

To call his fellow Princes to the feast :
The Garland's made : The Bridal Chamber's drest :
The Muses have consulted with the Graces,
To crown the day, and honor their embraces
With shadow'd *Epithalms* : their warbling tongues
Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* songs :
Hymen begins to grumble at delay,
And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day ;
The virgin-tapers, and what other rights
Do appertain to *Nuptial* delights
Are all prepar'd, whereby may be express'd
The joyful triumph of this marriage-feast.
But stay ! who lends me now an Iron Pen,
T' engrave within the Marble-hearts of Men
A Tragick Scene ? Which who so'er shall read,
His eyes may spare to weep, and learn to bleed
Carnatian tears : If time shall not allow
His death-prevented eyes to weep enow,
Then let his dying language recommend
What's left to his posterity to end.

*Thou saddest of all muses, come, afford
Thy studious help, that each confounding word
May rend a heart (at least) that every Line
May pickle up a Kingdom in the Brine
Of her own tears : O teach me how t' extract
The spirit of grief, whose virtue may distract
Those breasts, which sorrow knows not how to kill :
Inspire, O, inspire my melting quill ;
And, like sad Niobe, let every one
That cannot melt, be turn'd into a stone :
Teach me to paint an oft-repeated sigh
So to the life, that who so'er be nigh,*

May

*May hear it breath, and learn to do the like
By imitation, till true passion strike
Their bleeding hearts : Let such as shall rehearse
This story, how like Irish at a Hearse.*

Th' event still crowns the act : Let no man say,
Before the evening's come, 'tis a fair day :

For when the Kalends of this Bridal feast
Were entred in, and every longing breast
Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes
(Prepar'd for entertaining novelties)
Were grown impatient now, to be suffic'd
With that, which Art and Honor had devis'd
T' adorn the times withal, and to display
Their bounty, and the glory of that day :
The rare *Parthenia*, taking sweet occasion
To bless her busie thoughts, with contemplation
Of absent *Argalus*, whose too long stay
Made minutes seem as days, and every day
A measur'd age, into her secret bower
Betook her weary steps, where every hour
Her greedy ears expect to hear the sum
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.
She hopes, she fears at once ; and still she muses
What makes him stay so long ; she chides, excuses ;
She questions, answers, and she makes reply,
And talks, as if her *Argalus* were by :
*Why com'st thou not ? Can Argalus forget
His languishing Parthenia ? what not yet ?*
But as she spake that word, she heard a noise,
Which seem'd, as if it were the whisp'ring voice
Of close conspiracy : She began to fear
She knew not what, till her deceived ear

(Instructed

(Instructed by her hopes) had singled out
The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout ;
Whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare,
By stealth to seize upon her unaware :
She gave advantage to the thriving plot,
Hearing the noise, as if she heard it not :
Like as young Doves, (which ne'r had yet forsaken
The warm protection of their nest, or taken
Upon themselves, a self-providing care,
To shift for food; but with paternal fare
Grow fat and plump) think every noise they hear,
Their full cropt-parents are at hand to cheer
Their craving stomachs ; whilst th' impatient fist
Of the false Cater, rising where it list,
In every hole, surprises them, and sheds
Their guiltless blood, and parts their gasping heads
From their vain struggling bodies ; so, even so,
Our poor deceiv'd *Parthenia*, (that did owe
Too much to her own hopes) the whilst her eyes
Were set to welcome the unvalued prize
Of all her joys, her dearest *Argalus*,
Stept in *Demagoras*, and salutes her thus :

*Base Trull, Demagoras comes to let thee see,
How much he scorns thy painted face, and thee :
Foul Sorceress ! could thy prosperous actions think
To'scape revenge, because the gods did wink
At thy designs ? Think' st thou thy Mothers blood
Cryes in a language, not to be understood ?
Hadst thou no closer stratagem, to further
Thy pamper'd lust, but by the savage murder
Of thine own aged parent, whose sad death
Must give a freedom to the whispering breath*

of

Of thy enjoy'd Adulterer? who (they say)
Will cloak thy whoredom with a marriage day:
Nay struggle not, here's none that can reprieve
Such pounded beasts: It is in vain to strive,
Or roar for help; why dost not rather weep
That I may laugh? perchance, if thou wilt creep
Upon thy wanton Belly, and confess
Thy self a true repentant Murtherefs,
My sinful Page may play the fool, and gather
Thy early fruit into his Barn, and father
The new-got Cyprian Bastard, if that he
Be half so wise, that got it, but to flee;
Hah! do'st thou weep? or do false mists but mock
Abused eyes? from so obdure a Rock
Can water flow? weeping will make thee fair;
weep till thy marriage-day; that who repair
To grace thy feast, may fall a weeping too,
And, in a mirror, see what tears can do.
Vile Strumpet! did thy flattering thoughts e'er wrong
Thy judgment so; to think, Demagoras tongue
Could so defile his honor, as to sue
For serious love? so base a thing as you
(Methinks) should rather fix your wanton eyes
Upon some easie Groom, that hopes to rise
Into his Master's favor for your sake:
I, this had been preferment, like to make
A hopeful fortune: Thou presumptuous trash!
what was my courtship, but the minutes dast
Of youthful passion, to allay the dust
Of my desires, and exuberous lust?
I scorn thee to the soul, and here I stand
Bound for revenge, whereto I set my hand.



(9)

(9)

With that, be grip'd her rudely by the fair
 And bounteous treasure of her Nymph-like hair:
 And, by it, drag'd her on the dusty floor:
 He stopt her mouth, for fear she should implore
 An aid from Heaven: she swooning in the place,
 His salvage hands besmear'd her lifeless face
 With horrid poyson, thinking she was dead,
 He left her breathless, and away he fled.

*Come, come ye Furies, you malignant spirits,
 Infernal Harpies, or what else inherits.
 The Land of darkness; you that still converse
 With damned souls; you, you that can rehearse
 The horrid facts of villains, and can tell
 How every Hell-hound looks that roars in Hell,
 Survey them all; and, then inform my Pen,
 To draw in one, the monster of all Men:
 Teach me to limb a villain, and to paint,
 With dext'rous art, the basest Sycophant
 That ere the mouth of insolent disdain
 Vouchsaf'd to spit upon: The putrid Blain
 Of all diseased humors, fit for none
 But Dogs to lift their hasty legs upon:
 So clear mens eyes, that who so'er shall see
 The type of baseness, may cry, this is he!
 Let his reproach be a perpetual blot
 In Honors Book: Let his remembrance rot
 In all good mindes: Let none but villains call
 His Bug-bear name to memory, where with all*

*To fright their bawling Bastards : Let no spell
Be found more potent, to prevail in Hell,
Than the nine Letters of his charm-like name :
which, let our bashful Chris-cross-row disclaim
To the worlds end, not worthy to be set
In any but the Jewish Alphabet.*

But hark ! Am I deceiv'd : Or do I hear
The voice of *Arg'lus* sounding in mine ear ?
He calls *Parthenia* : No, that tongue can be
No counterfeit : He's come : 'Tis he, 'tis he.
Welcome too late, that are now come too soon :
Hadst thou been here, this deed had ne're been done.
Alas ! when lovers linger, and out-go
Their promis'd Date, they know not what they do :
Men fondly say, That women are too fond
At parting ; to require so strict a Bond
For quick return : Poor souls ! 'Tis they endure
Oft-times the danger of the forfeiture :
I blame them not : For mischief still attends
Upon the too long absence of true friends.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and seeks about
In every room to find *Parthenia* out :
He asks, inquires, but all Lips are sparing
To be the Authors of ill news, not daring
To speak the truth : they all amazed stand :
And now my Lord's as fearful to demand ;
Dares not enquire her health, lest his sad ear
Should hear such words, as he's afraid to hear :
All lips are bolted with a Linnen Bar,
And every eye does, like a Blazing-Star,
Portend some evil ; no Language findes a Leak :
The less they speak, the more he fears to speak.

Faces grow sad, and every private ear
 Is turn'd a Closet for the whisperer :
 He walks the room ; and like an unknown stranger,
 They eye him : from each eye, he picks a danger.
 At last his Lips not daring t' importune
 What none dare tell him, unexpected *Fortune*
 Leads his rash steps into a dark'ned room,
 A place more black than night : No sooner come,
 But he was welcom'd with a sigh, as deep,
 As a spent heart can give : He heard one weep,
 And by the noise of groans and sobs, was led
 (Having no other guide) to the sad Bed.

*who is't (said he) that calls untimely night
 To hide those griefs that thus abjure the light ?
 With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
 She past a sigh, and said, O ask not who !
 Urge not my tongue to make a forc'd Reply
 To your demand ! Alas ! It is not I.*

*Not I (said he ?) what Language do I hear ?
 Darkness may stop mine eye, but not mine ear :
 It is my dear Parthenia's voice, Ah me !
 And can Parthenia, not Parthenia be ?
 What means this word, (Alas ! It is not I ?)
 What sudden ill hath taught thee to deny
 Thyself ? or what can Argalus then claim,
 If his Parthenia be not the same
 She was ? Alas, it seems to me all one
 To say, Thou art not hers, that's not her own :
 Can hills forget their pondrous bulk, and flie
 Like wandring Atoms, in the empty skie ?
 Or can the Heavens (grown idle) not fulfill
 Their certain revolutions, but stand still,*

*And leave their constant motion for the wind
T' inherit? Can Parthenia change her mind?
Heav'n sooner shall stand still, and Earth remove,
E'er my Parthenia falsifie her love:*

*Unfold thy riddle then; and tell me, why
Those Lips should say, (Alas! It is not I!)*

*Whereto she thus reply'd: O do not thou
So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once t' allow,
That cursed name a room within thy brest,
Let not so foul a prodigy be blest,
With thy lost breath: Let it be held a sin,
Too great for pardon, e'er to name't agen:
Let darkness hide it in eternal night:
May it be clad with horror to affright*

*A desp'rate conscience: He that knows not how
To mouth a curse, O let him practise now
Upon this name: Let him that would contract
The body of all mischief, or extract
The quint'essence of a sorrow, onely claim
A secret priviledge to use that name:
Far be it from thy language, to commit
So foul a sin, as once to mention it:*

*Live happy Arg'lus; do not thou partake
In these my miseries: O forbear to make
My burden greater, by thy tender sorrow:*

*Alas, my heart is strong, and needs not borrow
Thy needless help: O be thou not so cruel,
To feed my flaming fires with thy fuel:
Why dost thou sigh? O wherefore should thy heart
Usurp my stage, and act Parthenia's part?
It is my proper task: what, dost thou mean,
Without my Licence, to intrude my Scene?*

*Alas ! thy sorrows ease not my distress ;
 God knows, I weep not one poor tear the less :
 My Pateni's sign'd and past, whereby appears
 That I have got the Monopoly of tears,
 In me let each mans torment find an end :
 I am that Sea, to which all Rivers tend :
 Let all spent mourners, that can weep no more,
 Take tears on trust, and set them on my score.
 And as she spake that word, his heart not able
 To bear a language so unsufferable,
 But being swoln so big, must either break,
 Or vent, his conquer'd reason grew to weak
 T' oppose his quickned passion (like a man
 Transported from himself) he thus began :*

*Accursed darkness ! Thou sad type of death !
 Infernal Hag, whose dwelling is beneath !
 What means thy boldness to usurp this room,
 And force a night, before the night be come :
 Get, get thee down, and keep within thy lists :
 Go revel there ; and hurl thy hideous mists
 Before those cursed eyes, that take delight
 In utter darkness, and abhor the light ;
 Return thee to thy Dungeon, whence thou came,
 And hide those faces, whose infernal flame
 Calls for more darkness, and whose tortur'd souls
 Crave the protection of th' obscurest holes,
 To scape some lashes, and avoid those strict
 And horrid plagues, the Furies do inflict :
 But if thou needs must ramble here, above,
 Go to some other Climate, and remove
 Thy ugly presence from our darkned eyes,
 Th t hate thy tyranny : Go exercise*

Thy power in Groves, and solitary springs,
 Where Bats are Subjects, and where Owls are Kings :
 Go to the Graves, and fill those empty rooms,
 That such as slumber in their silent tombs
 May bless thy welcome shades, and lie possess'd
 Of undisturbed and eternal rest :
 Or if thy more ambitious fogs desire
 To haunt the living, hast thee, and retire
 Into some Cloyster, and there stand between
 The light, and those that fain would sin, unseen ;
 Assist them there ; and let thy ugly shapes,
 Count'nance close treasons, and incestuous rapes :
 Benight those rooms ; and aid all such as fear
 The Eye of Heaven : Go, close thy Curtains there,
 We need thee not, (foul witch) away, away ;
 Thou hid'st more beauty than the noon of day
 Can give ; O thou, that hast so rudely hurl'd
 On this dark bed the glory of the world.

So said, abruptly he the room departs
 His cheeks look pale, his curled hair upstarts
 Like quills of Porcupines, and from his eye
 Quick flashes like the flames of Lightning flie :
 He calls for light ; the light no sooner come,
 But his own hand conveys it to the room
 From whence he came, and as he entred in
 He blest himself ; he blest himself again,
 Thrice did he bless himself, and after said,

Foul Witch be gone, and let thy dismal shade,
 Forsake this place : Let thy dark fogs obey
 Great Vulcans charge ; in Vulcans name, away :
 Or if thy stout rebellion shall disclaim
 His sovereignty, in my Parthenia's name





I charm thee hence. And as that word flew out,
He stept to that sad bed, where round about,
Clos'd were the Curtains, as if darkness did
Command that such a Jewel should be hid.

(10)

His left hand held the taper, and his right
Enforc'd the Curtains, to absolve the light :
Which done, appear'd before his wond'ring eye
The truest portrait of deformity,
As ere the Sun beheld : that lovely face
That was of late the model of all grace
And peerless beauty, whose imperious eyes
Ravisht where ere they lookt, and did surprize
The very souls of men, she, she, of whom
Nature her self was proud, is now become
So loath'd an object, so deform'd, disguis'd,
As darkness, for mans sake, was well advis'd
To cloath in mists, lest any were incited
To see that face, and so depart affrighted.
All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
It was no dream, he fell upon the ground,
And rav'd, and rose again, stood still, and gaz'd ;
At first he startled, then he stood amaz'd :
Looks now upon the light, and now on her,
One while his tired fancy does refer
His thoughts to silence ; as his thoughts increase,
His passion strives for vent, and breaks that peace
Which conquer'd Reason had of late concluded,
And thus began : *Are these false eyes deluded ?*

Or

*Or have enchanted mists stept in between
My abused eyes, and what my eyes have seen ?
No, mischief cannot act so fair a part,
T' affright in jest ; it goes beyond the art
Of all black Books, to mask with such disguise
So sweet a face : I know that these are eyes,
And this a light : False mists could never be
Betwixt my poor Parthenia, and me.*

*Accursed Taper ! what infernal spright
Breath'd in thy face ? what fury gave thee light ?
Thou imp of Phlegeton ; who let thee in
To force a day, before the day begin ?
Who brought thee hither ? I ? did I ? From whom,
What lean-chapt Fury did I snatch thee from ?
When as this cursed hand did go about
To bring thee in, why went not these eyes out ?
Be all such Tapers cursed for thy sake ;
Ne'r shine, but at some Vigil, or sad Wake ;
Be never seen, but when as sorrow calls
Thy needful help to nightly funerals ;
Be as a May-game for th' amazed Bat
To sport about ; and Owls to wonder at :
Still haunt the Chancels at a midnight-knell,
To fright the Sexton from his passing Bell :
Give light to none but treasons, and be hid
In their dark lanthorns : Let all mirth forbid
Thy treacherous flames the room : and if that none
Shall daign to put thee out, go out alone :
Attend some Miser's table, and then waste
Too soon, that he may curse thee for thy haste ;
Burn dim for ever : Let that flatt'ring light
Thou feed'st, consume thy stock : be banisht quite*

*From Cupids Court : When lovers go about
 Their stolen pleasures, let your flames go out :
 Henceforth be useful to no other end,
 But onely to burn day-light, or attend
 The midnight Cups of such as shall resign
 With usury their undigested wine :
 why dost thou burn so clear ? Alas ! these eyes
 Discern too much ; thy wanton blaze doth rise
 Too high a pitch : thou burn'st too bright for such
 As see no comfort : O thou shin'st too much :
 why dost thou vex me ? Is thy flame so stout
 T' endure my breath : this breath shall puff thee out :
 Thus, thus my joys are quite extinguisht, never
 To be reviv'd : Thus gone, thus gone for ever.*

With that, transported with a furious haste,
 He blew it out : but mark, that very blast
 (As if it meant on purpose, to disclaim
 His desp'rate thoughts) reviv'd th' extinguisht flame.
 He stands amaz'd ; and, having mus'd a while,
 Beholds the Taper, and begins to smile.

*And can the gods themselves (said he) contrive
 A way for hope ? Can my past joys revive,
 Like this rekindled fire ; if they do,
 I'll curse my lips (bright Lamp) for cursing you.
 Eternal Fates ! deal fairly ; dally not :
 If your hid bounties have reserv'd a lot
 Beyond my weaned hope, be it express'd
 In open view ; make haste, and do your best :
 But if your justice be determin'd so
 To exercise your vengeance on my wo,
 Strengthen not what at length you mean to burst ;
 Strike home betimes ; dispatch, and do your worst :*

That

*That burthen is too great for him to bear,
That's evenly poised betwixt hope and fear.*

And there he stopt ; as fearing to molest
The silent peace of her dissembled rest.
He gaz'd upon her ; stood as in a trance :
Sometimes her lifeless hand he would advance
To his sad Lips ; then steal it down agen :
Sometimes, a tear would fall upon 't, and then
A sigh must dry it ; every kiss did bear
A sigh, and every sigh begat a tear :
He kist, he sigh'd, he wept, and, for a space,
He fixt his eye upon her wounded face,
And in a whispering language, he disbur's'd
His various thoughts ; thus, with himself discours'd.

*And were the Sun-beams of those eies too fierce
For mortal view ? Or did those fires disperse
Flames too consuming for th' amaz'd beholder ?
Or did thy youth make treason e'er the bolder
To stain that brow ; and by a midnight theft,
To steal more beauty than the day had left ?*

*Or did that blind, that childish god descry
A kind of twilight from that heavenly eie,
which, over-bright, he sought to make more dim
By blurring that, which else had blasted him ?*

*Or did the Sea-born goddess Queen repine
To see her Star out-shone so much by thine ?
And fill'd with rage, and envious des'pight,
Sent down a cloud t' eclipse so fair a light ?*

*Or did the wiser Deities foresee
This likely danger ; that when men should see
So bright a Lamp ; fearing they should commit
Such sweet idolatry, benighted it ?*

Or did the too too careful gods conspire
 A good for man, transcending mans desire,
 And knowing such an eie too bright for any,
 Gave it a wound, lest it should wound too many?
 If so they meant, they might have been more kind
 To save that beantie, and have struck us blind

Before the sound of his last breath was gone
 (Her speech being marshal'd with a powerful groan
 Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
 Or her distracted thoughts) her feeble tongue
 Wept forth these words: Thus fleet, thus transitory
 Is mans delight, and all that painted glory,
 Poor Earth can give: Nor wealth, nor blood, nor beantie,
 Can quit the debt, that necessary dutie
 They ow to Change and Time; but like a flower,
 They flourish now, and fade within an hour:
 The world's compos'd of change, there's nothing staies
 At the same point; all alters, all decaies:
 The world is like a Play, where every age
 Concludes her Scene, and so departs the stage;
 And when Times hasty hour-glass is run,
 Change strikes the Epilogue, and all the Play is done.
 Who acts the King to day, by chance of lot,
 Perchance to morrow begs, and blushes not:
 Whose beantie was ador'd o'er night, next morning
 May find a face, like mine, not worth the scorning:
 Look where we list, there's nothing to the eie
 Seems truly constant, but Inconstancy.

Most dear Parthenia, (Argalus repli'd)
 Had thy deceived eie but stept aside,
 And lookt upon thy Argalus his brest;
 I know, I know, thy language had profest

Another

*Another faith : Thy Lips had ne'r let lie,
At unawares, so great an Hereſie :
'Tis not the change of favor, that can change
My heart ; nor Time, nor Fortune can eſtrange
My beſt affections, ſo for ever fixt
On thee, nothing but death can come betwixt
My ſoul and thine : If I had lov'd thy face,
Thy face alone ; my fancie had given place,
Ere this, to freſh deſires, and attended
Upon new fortunes ; and the old had ended.
If I had lov'd thee for thy heavenly eye,
I might have courted the bright Maſteſty
Of Titan : if thy curious Lips had ſnar'd
My lickriſh thoughts, I might have ſoon prepar'd
A bluſhing Corral, or ſome full ripe Cherry,
And pleas'd my Lips, until my Lips were weary ;
Or if the ſmoothneſs of thy whiter brow
Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancie bow
To outward objects, poliſht Marble might
Have given as much content, as much delight ;
In brief, had Argalus his flatter'd eye
Been pleas'd with beauties bare Epitomy,
Thy curious picture might have then ſuppl'd
My wants, more full, than all the world beſide :
No, no ; 'Twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,
Nor any outward ex'lence urg'd me, why
To love Parthenia : 'twas thy better part,
(which miſchief could not wrong,) ſurpris'd my heart?
Thy beauty was but like a Chryſtal caſe,
Through which, the Jewel of admired grace
Transparent was, whoſe hidden worth did make
Me love the Caſket for the Jewels ſake :*

No, no, my well advised eye pierc't in
Beyond the film; sunk deeper than the skin;
Else had I now been chang'd, and that firm duty
I owe my Vows, had faded with thy beauty:
Nay, weep not my Parthenia; let those tears
Ne'r wail that loss which a few after years
Had claim'd as due; chear up, thou hast forsaken
But that, which sickness would (perchance) have taken,
With greater disadvantage; or else age,
That common evil, which art cannot assuage;
Beauty's but bare opinion: White and Red
Have no more priviledge than what is bred
By humane fancy, which was ne'r confin'd
To certain bounds, but varies like the wind:
What one man likes, another disrespects,
And what a third most hates, a fourth affects:
The Negro's eye thinks black beyond compare,
And what will fright us most, they count most fair.
If then opinion be the touch, whereby
All beauty's tried; Parthenia in my eye,
Out-shines fair Helen, or who else she be
That is more rich in beauty's wealth than she.
Chear up: the soveraignty of thy worth infranches
Thy captive beauty; and thy vertue blanches
These stains of fortune: come, it matters not
What others think: a letter's but a blot
To such as cannot read; but, who have skill,
Can know the fair impression of a quill,
From gross and heedless blurs; and such can think
No paper foul, that's fairly writ with Ink:
What others hold a blemish in thy face,
My skilful eyes read characters of grace:

G

What

*What hinders then, but that without delay,
Triumph may celebrate our nuptial day?
She that hath only vertue to her guide,
Though wanting beauty is the fairest bride.*

*A Bride! (saide she) such Brides as I, can have
No fitter bridal chamber then a Grave:
Death is my Bridegroom; and to welcom Death,
My loyal heart shall plight a second Faith:
And when that day shall come, that joyfull day
Wherein transcendant pleasures shall allay
The heat of all my sorrows, and conjoyn
My pale-fac'd Bridegroom's lingring hand with mine,
These Ceremonies and these Triumphs shall
Attend the day to grace that day withall.*

*Time with his empty Hour-glass shall lead
The triumph on, his winged hoof shall tread
Slow paces; After him there shall ensue
The chaste Diana with her Virgin crew,
All crown'd with Cypress garlands: after whom
In rank, th' impartial Destinies shall come:
Then in a sable Chariot faintly drawn
With harness Virgins vail'd with purest lawn,
The Bride shall sit; Dispair and Grief shall stand
Like heartless Bridemaids upon either hand:
• Upon the Chariot top, there shall be plac'd
The little winged god with arm unbrac'd,
And Bow unbent: his drooping wings must hide
His naked knees, his Quiver by his side
Must be unarm'd, and either hand must hold
A Banner, wherewith Characters of gold
Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye
To read that runs) Faith, Love, and Constancy.*

Next

*Next after, hope, in a discoloured weed
Shall sadly march alone : A slender Reed
Shall guide her feeble steps, and in her hand
A broken Anchor all besmear'd with sand.
And after all, the Bridegroom shall appear
Like Joves Lieutenant, and bring up the rear,
He shall be mounted on a Coal-black Steed,
His hand shall hold a Dart, on which shall bleed
A pierced heart, wherein a former wound
Which Cupids Javelin enter'd, shall be found.
When as the Triumphs shall adorn our feast,
Let Argulus be my invited guest,
And let him bid me nuptial Joy, from whom
I once expected all my joys should come.*

With that, as if his count'nance had thought good
To wear death colours, or as if his blood
Had been imployed to condole the smart
And torment of his poor afflicted heart,
He thus bespake : *Unhappiest of all men,
Why do I live ? is Death my Rival then ?
Unequal chance ! Had it been flesh and blood
I could have grappled, and (perchance) withstood
Some stout encounters : had an armed host
Of mortal Rivals ventur'd to have crost
My best desires ; my Partheniaes eye
Had given me power to make that army fly
Like frightened Lambs before the Wolfe ; but thou
Before whose presence all must stoop and bow
Their servile necks, what weapons shall I hold
Against thy hand that will not be controul'd ?
Great enemy : whose Kingdom's in the dust
And darksome Caves : I know that thou art just ;*

Else had the Gods ne'r trusted to thy hand
 So great a priviledge, so large command
 And jurisdiction ore the lives of men,
 To kill and save even whom they please, and when :
 O, suffer not Parthenia's tempting tears
 To move thy heart ; let thy hard-hearted ears
 Be deaf to all her suits : if she profess
 Affection to thee, believe nothing less :
 She's my betrothed Spouse, and Hymen's bands
 Have firmly joyn'd our hearts, though not our hands ;
 Where plighted Faith, and Sacro-sanctious vow
 Hath given possession, dispossess not thou :
 Be just ; and though her briny lips bewail
 Her grief with tears, let not those tears prevail.
 Whom Heavens have joyn'd, thy bands may not disjoyn,
 I am Parthenia's, and Parthenia's mine ;
 Alas ! we are but one ; then thou must either
 Refuse us both ; or else, take both together.
 My dear Parthenia, let no cloudy passion
 Of dul despair molest thee ; or unfassion
 Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled mind
 Either forgetful, or thy self unkind :
 Starve not my pining hopes with longer stay :
 My Love hath wings, and brooks no long delay ;
 It hovers up and down, and cannot rest
 Until it light, and perch upon thy brest.
 Torment not him within these lingring fires ;
 That's rack't already on his own desires :
 Seal and deliver as thy deed, that band,
 Whereto thy promis'd faith hath set her hand :
 And what our plighted hearts and mutual vow
 Have so long since begun, O finish now ;

That

*That our imperfect, and half pleasures may
Receive perfection by a marriage day.*

*Whereto, she thus : Had the pleas'd Gods above
Forgiven my faults, and made me fit for Jove
To bless at large ; had all the powers of heaven
(To boast the utmost of their bounty) given
As great addition to my slender fortune
As they could give, or covetous mind importune,
I vow to heaven, and all those heavenly powers,
They should no longer be made mine, but yours ;
Nay, had my fortunes stay'd but at the rate
They were ; had I remained in that state
I was (although at first unworthy far
Of such a peerless blessing as you are)
My dear acceptance should have fill'd my heart
As full of joys as now it is of smart.*

*But, as I am, let angry Jove then vent
On me his plagues, till all his plagues be spent :
And when I roar, let heaven my pains deride,
When I match Argalus to such a Bride :
Live happy Argalus, let thy soul receive
What blessings poor Parthenia cannot have :
Live happy : may thy joys be never done,
But let one blessing draw another on :
O may thy better Angel watch and ward
Thy soul, and pitch an everlasting guard
About the Portals of thy tender heart
And shower down blessings whereso'ere thou art :
Let all thy Joys be as the Month of May,
And all thy days be as a Marriage day :
Let sorrow, sickness, and a troubled mind
Be strangers to thee, let them never find*

*Thy heart at home : let Fortune still allot
Such lawless guests to those that love thee not :
And let those blessings, which shall wanting be
To such as merit none, alight on thee.*

*That mutual faith betwixt us, that of late
Hath past, I give thee freedom to translate
Upon the merits of some fitter Spouse ;
I give thee leave, and freely quit thy vows :
I call the Gods to witness, nothing shall
More bless my soul, no comfort can befall
More truly welcome to me, than to see
My Argalus (what ere become of me)
So link't in wedlock, as shall most augment
His greater honour, and his true content.*

*With that, a sudden and tempestuous tyde
Of tears orewhelm'd her language, and deny'd
A passage ; but when passions flood was spent,
She thus proceeds : You Gods, if you are bent
To act my Tragedy, why do you wrong
Our patience so, to make the Play so long ?
Your Scenes are tedious ; 'gainst the Rules of art,
You dwell too long, too long upon one part.
Be brief, and take advantage of your odds,
One simple Maid amongst so many Gods,
And not be conquer'd yet ? conjoyn your might,
And send her Soul into eternal Night,
That lives too long a day : I'll not resist ;
Provided you strike home, strike where ye list :
Accurs'd be that day, wherein these eyes
First saw the light ; let desp'rate souls devise
A curse sufficient for it : let the Sun
Ne're shine upon it ; and what ere's begun*

Upon

Upon that fatal day, let heaven forbid it
Success; if not t'ensnare the hand that did it.
Why was I born? Or, being born, O why
Did not my fonder Nurses Lullaby
(Even whilst my Lips were hanging on her breast)
Sing her poor Babe to everlasting rest?
O then my Infant soul had never known
This world of grief, beneath whose weight I grown:
No, no, it had not; he that dies in's prime,
Speeds a long business in a little time.

But Argalus, (whose more extream desire,
Unapt to yield, like water-sprinkled fire,
Did blaze the more) impatient of denial,
Gave thus an on-set to a further tryal:

Life of my soul; by whom, next heaven, I breath:
Excepting whom, I have no friend but Death:
How can thy wishes ease my grief, or stand
My misery in stead, when as thy hand,
And nothing but thy helping hand can give me
Relief, and yet refuses to relieve me?
Strange kind of charity, when being afflicted,
I find best wishes, yet am interdicted
Of those best wishes, and must be remov'd
From loves injoyment; why? because belov'd.
Alas! alas! how can my wishes be
A blessing to me, if unblest in thee?
Thy beauty's gone, (thou say'st) why, let it go;
He loves but ill, that loves but for a show;
Thy beauty is supply'd in my affection,
That never yet was slave to a complexion.
Shall every day, wherein the earth doth lack
The Sun's reflex, b'expell'd the Almanack?

Or shall thy over-curious steps forbear
A Garden 'cause there are no Roses there?
Or shall the Sun-set of Parthenia's beauty
Enforce my Judgment to neglect that duty,
The which my best advis'd affection owes
Her sacred vertue, and my solemn vows?
No, no; it lies not in the power of Fate
To make Parthenia too unfortunate
For Argulus to love.

It is as easie for Parthenia's heart
To prove less vertuous, as for me to start
From my firm faith; the flame that honours breath
Hath blown, nothing hath power to quench but death;
Thou gav'st me leave to chose a fitter Sponse,
And freedom to recall, to quit those vows
I took: who gave thee license to dispense
With such false tongues as offer violence
To plighted faith? alas! thou can'st not free
Thy self, much less hadst power to license me.
Vows can admit no change, they still persevere
Against all change; they bind for ever:
A vow's a holy thing, no common breath:
The limits of a vow is Heaven and Death:
A vow that's past, is like a bird that's flown
From out thy hand, can be recall'd by none;
It dies not, like a time-beguiling Jest,
As soon as vented; lives not in thy brest,
When uttered once, but is a sacred word
Straight entred in the strict and close Record
Of Heaven; it is not like a Jugler's knot,
Or fast, or loose, as pleases us or not.

Since.

Since then thy vows can find no dispensation,
And may not be recal'd, recal thy passion;
Perform, perform what now it is too late,
T' unwish againe, too soon to violate:
Seek not to quit, what Heaven denies to free.
Perform thy vows to Heaven, thy vows to me.

Thrice dearer then my soul, (she thus repli'd)
Had my own pampered fancy been the guide
To my affection, I had condescended
Ere this, to your request, which had besreinded
My best desires too: I lov'd not thee
For my own pleasure in that base degree,
As gluttons do their diet, who dispense
With unwasht hands, (lest they should give offence
To their grip'd stomachs, when a minutes stay
Will make them curse occasion all the day)
I lov'd not so; my first desires did spring
From thy own worth; and as a sacred thing,
I always view'd thee, whom my zeal commands
Me not prophane whith these defiled hands:
Tis true; p'rformance is a debt we owe
To Vows, and nothing's dearer than a vow;
Yet when the Gods do ravish from our hand,
The means to keep it, 'tis a countermand.
He that hath vow'd to sacrifice each day,
At Juno's altars bound, and must obey:
But if (being under vow) the Gods do please
To strike him with a leprous disease,
Or foul infection; which is better now,
Prophane the Altar, or to breake the vow?
The case is mine; where then the Gods dispence,
We may be bold, yet tender no offence.

Admis

*Admit it were an evil ; 'tis our best,
Of necessary ills, to chuse the least.
The Gods are good : the strict recognisance
Of vows, is only taken to advance
The good of man ; now if that good prove ill,
We may refuse, our vow's intire still.
I vow a marriage ; why ? because I do
Entirely effect that man my Vows are to ;
But if some foul disease should interpose
Betwixt our promis'd marriage, and our vows :
The strict performance of these vows must prove
Awrong ; and therefore love not, whom I love.
Then urge no more : Let my denial be
A pledge sufficient 'twixt my love, and thee.*

So ended she : But vehement desire
(That can be quencht with No, no more then fire
With oyl ; and can submit to no condition)
Lends him new breath : Love makes a Rhetorician ;
He speaks ; she answers : He, afresh, replies ;
He stoutly sues ; as stoutly she denyes.
He begs in vain ; and she denies in vain :
For she denies again : He begs again.
At last, both weary, he his suit adjourns ;
For Lovers days are good, and bad by turns.
He bids farewell ; as if the heart of either
Gave but one motion, they both sigh'd together.
She bids farewell ; and yet she bids it so,
As if her farewell ended, if he go ;
He bids farewell ; but so, as if delay
Had promis'd better farewells to his stay.
She bids farewell, but holds his hand so fast,
As if that farewell had not been the last.

Both

Both sigh'd, both wept, and both being heavy hearted,
She bids farewell, he bids farewell, and parted.
So parted they : Now *Argalus* is gone?
And now *Parthenia*'s weeping all alone,
And like the widdow'd turtle she bewails
The absence of her mate : Passion prevails
Above her strength : Now her poor heart can tell
What's Heaven by wanting Heaven : and what's Hell
By her own torments : Sorrow now does play
The Tyrants part, Affection must obey ;
And like a weathercock her various mind
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blast of wind.
In desp'rate language she deplores her state ;
She fain would wish, but then she knows not what :
Resolves of this, of that, and then of neither,
She fain would flee : but then she knows not whither :
At length (consulting with the heartless pair

W^m Spenceall Esq^r Lib^r,
1736,



(11) Of all advisers, Sorrow and Dispair)
Resolves to take th' advantage of that night,
To steal away, and seek for death by flight :
A Pilgrim's weed her liveless limbs addrest
From head to foot : a thong of leather blest
Her wasted loyns ; her feeble feet were shod
With sandals : In her hand a Pilgrims rod.
When as th' illustrious Sovereign of the day
Had now begun his circuit to survey
His lower Kingdom, having newly lent
The upper world to *Cynthia's* Government,
Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t' attend
The progress now, which only death can end.

Go hapless Virgin ! Fortune be thy guide,
And thy own vertues ; and what else beside,
That may be prosperous ; may thy merits find
More happiness than thy distressed mind
Can hope : Live, and to after ages prove
The great example of true *Faith* and *Love* :
Gone, gone she is ; but whither she is gone,
The Gods and Fortune can resolve alone :
Pardon my Quill, that is inforc't to stray
From a poor Lady in an unknown way.

To number forth her weary steps, or tell
Those obvious dangers that so oft befell
Our poor *Parthenia* in her pilgrimage,
Or bring her miseries on the open stage,
Her broken slumbers, her distracted care :
Her hourly fears and frights, her hungry fare ;
Her dayly perils, and her nightly 'scapes
From ravenous beasts, and from attempted rapes,

Is

Is not my task ; who care not to incite
My Readers passion to an appetite.
We leave *Parthenia* now ; and our discourse
Must cast an eye, and bend her settled course
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning
To visit his *Partheina* the next morning)
Perceived she was fled, not knowing whither,
He makes no stay ; consults not with the Weather ;
Stays not to think, but claps his hasty knees
To his fleet Courser, and away he flees ;
His haste enquires no way, (he needs not fear
To lose the Road, that goes he knows not where :)
One while he pricks upon the fruitful plains ;
And now he gently slacks his prouder reins
And climbs the barren hills : with fresh careers
He tries the right hand way ; and when he veres
His course upon the left : One while he likes
This path, when by and by his fancy strikes
Upon another track. Sometime he roves
Among the Springs and solitary Groves,
Where, on the tender barks of sundry trees,
H' engraves *Parthenia's* name with his, then flees
To the wild champion : his proud Steed removes
The hopeful fallows, with his horned hooves :
He baulks no way, rides over Rock and Mountain,
When led by Fortune to *Diana's* Fountain,

(12) He straight dismounts his Steed, begins to
His thirsty lips ; and after that, to drench (quench
His fainting limbs, in that sweet stream, wherein
Parthenia's dainty fingers oft had been.



The Fountain was upon a steep descent
Whose gliding current nature gave a vent
Through a firm rock, which art (to make it known
To after ages) wall'd and roof't with stone :
Above the Chrystal Fountain's head was plac'd
Diana's Image (though of late defac'd :)
Beneath, a rocky Cistern did retain
The water, sliding through the Cocks of *Cane*,
Whose curious current the world's greater eye
Ne're view'd, but in his mid-day Majesty :
It was that Fountain, were in elder times
Poor *Corydon* compos'd his rural rimes.
And left them closely hid, for his unkind
And marble hearted *Phillida* to find.
All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
Redeems his losse of time with a new speed :
And with a fresh supply, his strength renews
His progress, God knows whether : He pursues
His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,
And (with a mind as doubtful as the way)
He journeys on ; he left no course unthought :
No traveller unaskt ; no place unsought.
To make a Journal of each circumstance ;
His change of fortunes, or each obvious chance
Besel his tedious travel : to relate
The brave attempt of this exploit, or that ;
His rare atchievements, and their fair success ;
His noble courage, in extream distress ;
His desp'rate dangers, his deliverance :
His high esteem with men, which did enhance
His meanest actions to the throne of *Jove* :
And what he suffer'd for *Parthenia's* love,

Would

Would make our Volume endlesse, apt to trie
The utmost patience of a studious eye :
All which the bounty of a free conceit
May sooner reach to, then my pen relate.
But till bright *Cynthiaes* head had three times thrice
Repair'd her empty horns, and fill'd the eyes
Of gazing mortals, with her globe of light,
This restless Lover ceas'd not, day and night
To wander, in a solitary quest
For her, whose love had taught him to digest
The dregs of sorrow, and to count all joyes
But follies (wheigh'd with her) at least, but toyes.

It hapned now, that twice six moneths had run
Since wandring *Argalus* had first begun
His toilsome progress; who, in vain had spent
An year of hours, and yet no event,
When fortune brought him to a goodly seat,
(Wall'd round about with hills) yet not so great
As pleasant; and less curious to the sight,
Then strong, yet yeilding even as much delight
As strength: whose only out-side did declare
The Masters judgment, and the builders care.
Around the *Castle*, Nature had laid out
The bounty of her treasure; round about
Well fenced Meadows (fill'd with Summers pride)
Promis'd provision for the Winter tide :
Near which the neighb'ring hills (well stockt & stor'd
With milk-white flocks) did severally afford
Their fruitful blessings, and deserv'd increase
To painful Husbandry, the child of Peace :
It was *Kalanders* seat, who was the brother
Of lost *Parthenias* late deceased Mother.

H

He



He was a Gentleman, whom vain ambition
Ne'r taught to undervalue the condition
Of private *Gentry* ; who preferr'd the love
Of his respected neighbours, far above
The apish Congies of th' unconstant Court :
Ambitious of a good, not great report :
Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending
Upon his favours so, as to be tending
Upon his Person : and, in brief, too strong
Within himself, for fortune's hand to wrong :

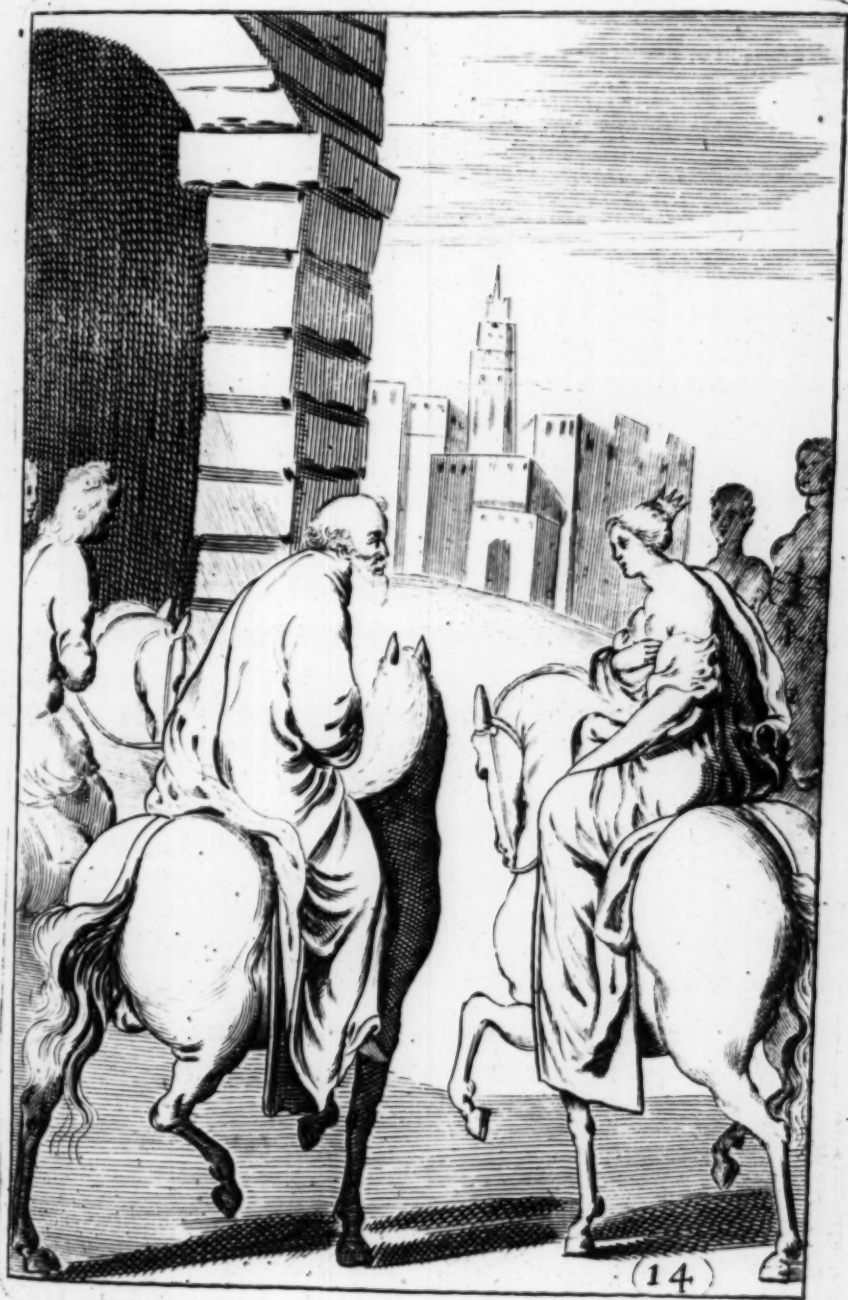
(13)

Thither came wandring *Argalus*, & receiv'd
As great content, as one that was bereav'd
Of all his joyes, could take ; or who would strive
T' expresse a welcom to the life, could give.
His richly furnisht Table more exprest
A common bounty, then a curious feast ;
Whereat the choice of precious wines were profe'd
In liberal sort ; not urg'd but freely offer'd :
The careful servants did attend the room :
No need to bid them either go or come :
Each knew his place, his office, and could spie
His Masters pleasure in his Masters eye.
But what can relish pleasing to a tast
That is distemper'd ? Can a sweet repast
Please a sick palate ? No, there's no content
Can enter *Argalus*, whose soul is bent
To tire on his own thoughts : *Kalanders* love
(That other times would ravish) cannot move
That fixed heart, which passion now incites
T' abjure all pleasures, and forswear delights.

It fortun'd, on a day, that dinner ending,
Kalander and his noble guests intending
 T'exchange their pleasures in the open air,
 A Messenger came in, and did repair
 Unto *Kalander*, told him, that the end
 Of his employment, was to recommend
 A noble Lady to him (near alli'd
 To fair Queen *Hellen*) whose unskilful guide
 Had so mis-led, that she does make request,
 This Night to be his bold and unknown guest :
 And by his help to be inform'd the way,
 To find to morrow, what she lost to day :
Kalander (the extent of whose ambition
 Was to express the bounteous disposition
 Of a free heart, as glad of such occasion
 To entertain) return'd the salutation
 Of an unknown Servant ; and withal profess
 A promis'd welcome to so fair a guest.
 Forthwith *Kalander* and his noble friends,
 (All but poor *Argalus*, who recommends
 His thoughts to private uses, and confines
 His secret fancy to his own designs)
 Mounting their praunsing Steeds, to give a meeting
 To his fair guest : they met, but at first greeting.

(14)

(14) *Kalander* stood amaz'd, (for he suppos'd
 It was *Parthenia*) and thus his thoughts disclos'd :
Madam (said he) *if these mine aged eyes*
Retain that wonted strength, which age denies
To many of my years, I should be bold
(In viewing you,) to say, I do behold



*My Neece Parthenia's face : Nor can I be
Perswaded (by your leave) but you are she.*

*Thrice noble Sir (she thus reply'd) your tongue
(Perchance) hath done the fair Parthenia wrong,
In your mistake, and too much honour'd me,
That (in my judgment) was more fit to be
Her foil than picture ; yet hath many an eye
Given the like sentence, (she not being by ;
Nay, more : I have been told, that my own mother
Fail'd often to distinguish 'tome from 'tother.*

*Said then Kalander : If my rash conceit
Hath made a fault, mine error shall await
Upon your gracious pardon : I alone
Was not deceiv'd ; for never any one
That view'd Parthenia's visage, but would make
As great an error by as great mistake.
But (Madam) for her sake, and for your own,
(Whose worth may challenge to it self alone,
More service than Kalander can express)
'T are truly welcome : enter and possess
This Castle as your own ; which can be blest
In nothing more than in so fair a Guest.*

*Whereto the Lady (entring) thus repli'd :
Let everlasting joys be multipli'd
Within these gentle gates, and let them stand
As lasting monuments in th' Arcadian Land,
Of rare and bounteous hospitality
To after times. Let strangers passing by
Bless their succeeding heirs as shall descend
From such a Lord, from such a noble Friend.*

*When as a little respite had repair'd
Her weary Limbs, which Travel had impair'd,
The freeness of occasion did present*

New subjects to discourse; wherein they spent
No little time: among the rest besel
Kalander (often stop't with tears) to tell
Of *Argalus* and lost *Parthenia's* love,
Whose undissembled passion did move
A general grief; the more that they attended
To his sad tale, the more they wisht it ended.

Madam (said he) *although your visage be*
Like hers, yet may your Fortunes disagree;
Poor Girl: and as he spake that word, his eyes
Let fall a tear. The Lady thus replies.

My Soul doth suffer for Parthenia's sake:
But tell me, Sir, Did Argalus forsake
His poor Parthenia whom he lov'd so dear?
How hath he spent his days ere since, and where?

Madam (said he) *when as their marriage-day*
Drew near; mischief, that now was bent to play
Upon the stage, her studied master-prize,
With ugly leprosie did so disguise
Her beauteous face, that she became a terror
To her own self: But Argalus the mirror
Of truest constancy, (whose loyal heart,
Not guided by his eyes, disdain'd to start
From his past vows) did in despite of fortune,
Pursue his fixt desires, and importune
T' intended marriage ne'rtheless; but she
Whom reason now had taught to disagree
With her distracted thoughts, stands deaf and mute,
And at the last, t'avoid his further sute;
Not making any private to her flight,
She quits the house, and steals away by night:
But Madam, when as Argalus perceiv'd
That she was fled, and being quite bereav'd

Of his lost hope, poor Lover, he assays
 By toilsome Pilgrimage to end his days,
 Or find her out : Now twice six months have run
 Their tedious courses, since he first begun
 His fruitless Journey, ranging far and near,
 Suffering as many Sorrows as a year
 Could send, and made by th' extreams of weather,
 Unapt for Travel ; fortune brought him hither,
 Where he as yet remains, till time shall make
 His wasted body fit to undertake
 His discontinued progress, and renew
 His great inquest for her, who at first view,
 Madam you seem'd to be.

So said, the Lady, from whose tender eyes
 Some drops did slide, whose heart did sympathize
 With both their sorrows ; said, *And is there then*
Such unexpected constancy in men ? [*Most Noble Sir :*]
If the too rash desires of a stranger
May be dispens'd withal without the danger
Of too great boldness, I should make request
To see this noble Lord, in whose rare brest
(By your report) more honour doth reside
Than in all Greece ; nay, all the World beside :
I have a message to him, and am loath
To do it, were I not engag'd by Oath.
 Whereat Kalander not in breath, but action,
 Applies himself to give a satisfaction
 To her propounded wish : protraction wastes
 No time, but up to Argalus he hastes :

(15)

Arg'lus comes down, and after salutation
 Given and receiv'd, she accosts him on this fashion :

My



My Noble Lord,
Whereas the loud resounding trump of fame
Hath nois'd your worth, and glorifi'd your name
Above all others, let your goodness now
Make good that fair report ; that I may know
By true experience, what my joyful ear
Had but as yet the happiness to hear,
And if the frailty of a Woman's wit
Should chance t'offend ; be noble, and remit.
Then know (most noble Lord) my native place
Is Corinth ; of the self same blood and race
With fair Queen Hellen, in whose princely Court
I had my birth, my breeding ; to be short,
Thither, not many days ago, there came
Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her name
The rare Parthenia, so in shape transform'd,
In feature alter'd, and in face deform'd,
That (in my judgment) all this Region could
Not shew a thing more ugly to behold.
Long was it ere her oft repeated Vows
And solemn Protestations could rouse
My over dull belief : till at the last,
Some passages that heretofore had past
In secret 'twixt Parthenia and me,
Gave full assurance 't could be none but she ;
Abundant welcome, (as a soul so sad
As mine, and hers, could give or take) she had :
So like we were in face, in speech, in growth,
That whosoever saw the one, saw both ;
Yet were we not alike in our Complexions
So much as in our Loves, in our affections :
One sorrow serv'd us both, and one relief

Could ease us both, being partners in one grief :
 Much private time we jointly spent ; and neither
 Could find a true content, if not together.
 The strange occurrents of her dire misfortune
 She oft discours't, which strongly did importune
 A world of tears from these suffused eyes,
 The true Partakers of her miseries.
 And as she spake, the accent of her story
 Would always point upon the eternal glory
 Of your rare constancy, which who so ere
 In after ages shall presume to hear
 And not admire, let him be proclaim'd
 A rebel to all virtue, and (defam'd
 In his best actions) let his leprous Name
 Or die dishonour'd, or survive with shame.
 But ah ! what Simples can the hand of art
 Find out to stanch a Lovers bleeding heart ?
 Or what (alas !) can humane skill apply,
 To turn the Course of Lov's Phlebotomy ?
 Love is a secret fire, inspir'd and blown
 By fate, which wanting hopes to feed upon,
 Works on the very soul, and does torment
 The universe of man : which being spent
 And wasted in the conflict, often shrinks
 Beneath the burthen : and so conquer'd, sinks :
 All which your poor Parthenia knew too well,
 Whose bed-rid hopes not having power to quell
 Th' imperious fury of extream despair,
 She languish't : not being able to contraine
 The will of her victorious passion ; cryed,
 My dearest Argalus farewell, and died :
 My Lord, not long before her latest breath

Had

*Had freely paid the full arrears to death,
She call'd me to her ; in her dying hand
She strained mine, whilst in her eyes did stand
A shower of tears unwept, and in mine ear
She whisper'd so, as all the Room might hear :*

*Sister (said she) (that title past between us,
Not undeserv'd, for all that ere had seen us
Mistook us so, at least) the latest sand
Of my spent hour-glass is now at hand :
Those Joys which heaven appointed out for me,
I here bequeath to be possess'd by thee ;
And when sweet death shall clarify my thoughts,
And drain them from the dregs of all my faults,
Enjoy them thou, wherewith (being so refin'd
From all their dross) full fraught thy constant mind :
And let thy prosp'rous voyage be address'd
To the fair port of Argalus his brest,
As whom the eye of Noon did ne'r discover
So loyal, so renown'd, so rare a Lover ;
Cast anchor there ; for by this dying breath,
Nothing can please my soul more, after death,
And make my Joys more perfect, than to see
A Marriage 'twixt my Argalus and thee ;
This Ring, the pledge betwixt his heart and mine,
As freely as he gave me, I make thine :
With it unto thy faithful heart I tender
My sacred vows, with it I here surrender
All Right and title that I had, or have
In such a blessing as I now must leave ;
Go to him, and conjure him in my name,
What love he bare to me, the very same,
That he transfer on thee : take no denial,*

Which

Which granted, live thou happy, constant, loyal ;
And as she spake that word, her voice did alter,
Her breath grew cold, her speech began to falter ;
Fain would she utter more, but her spent tongue
(Not able to go further) fail'd and clung
To her dry roof : awhile, as in a trance
She lay, and on a sudden did advance
Her forced language to the height, and cryed,
Farewel, my dearest Argalus ; and dyed.

And now, my Lord, although this office be
Unsuitable to my Sex, and disagree
Too much, perchance, with the too mean condition
Of my poor state, more like to find derision
Than satisfaction ; yet, my gracious Lord,
Extr'ordinary merits do afford
Extr'ordinary means, and can excuse
The breach of Custome, or the common use :
Wherefore incited by che dear directions
Of dead Parthenia, by my own affections,
And by the exc'lence of your high desert,
I here present you with a faithful heart ;
A heart to you devoted, which assures
It self no happiness but in being yours.
Pardon my boldness, they that shall reprove
This as a fault, reprove a fault in love :
And why should Custome do our Sex that wrong,
To take away the priviledge of our tongue ?
If nature give us freedom to affect,
Why then should Custome bar us, to detect
The gift of nature ? she that is in pain,
Hath a sufficient warrant to complain.
Then give me leave, (my Lord) to re-inforce

4

A

*A Virgins suit, and (thinking ne'r the worse
Of proffer'd love) let my desires thrive,
And freely accept what I so freely give.*

So ending, silence did enlarge her ear,
(Prepar'd with quick attention) to hear
His gracious words : But *Argalus*, whose Passion
Had put his amorous Courtship out of fashion,
Return'd no answer, till his trickling eyes
Had given an earnest of such Obsequies,
As his adjourned Sorrow had intended
To do at full, and therefore recommended
To privacy ; true grief abhors the Light,
Who grieves without a witness, grieves aright.

His passion thus suspended for a while,
(And yet not so, but that it did recoil
Strong sighs) he wip'd his tear-bedewed eyes,
And turning to the Lady, thus replies ;

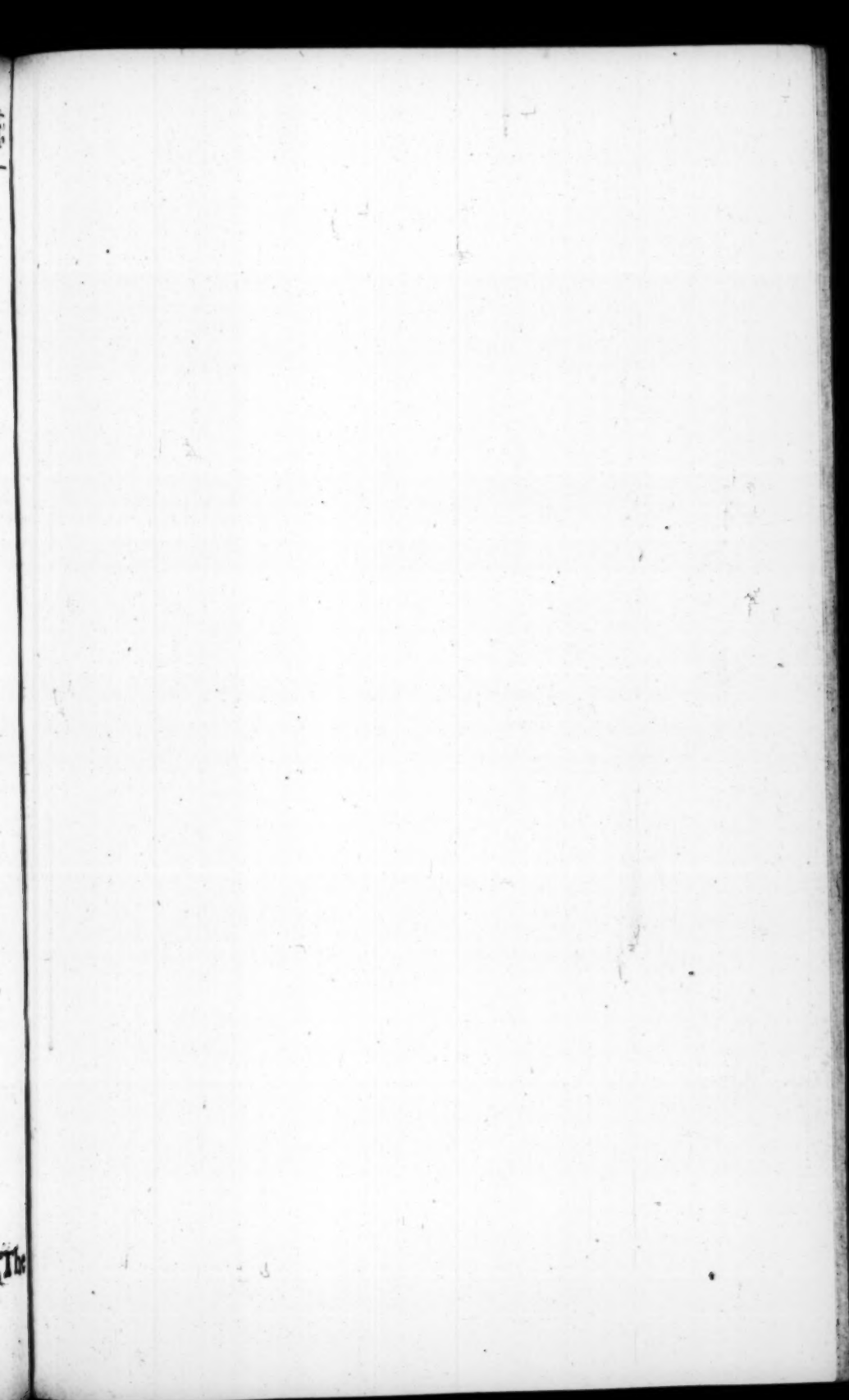
Madam,
Tour no less rare than noble favours show
How much you merit, and how much I owe
Tour great desert, which claims more thankfulness
I than such a dearth of Language can express :
But most of all, I stand for ever bound
To that your Goodness, my Parthenia found
In her distress, for which respect (in duty
As I am ty'd, poor Arg'lus shall repute ye
The flower of noble courtesie, and proclaim
Tour high deservings. Lady, as I am,
A poor unhappy wretch, the very scorn
Of all prosperity, distress, forlorn,
Unworthy the least favour you can give,
I am your slave, your Beedsman will I live ;

But for this weighty matter you propound,
Although I see how much it would redound
To my great happiness, yet heaven knows
(Most excellent Lady) I cannot dispose
Of my own thoughts, nor have I power to do,
What else you needed not perswade me to;
For trust me, were this heart of mine my own,
To carve according to my pleasure, none
But you should challenge it; but while I live,
It is Parthenia's, and not mine to give.
Whereto she thus replies: Most noble Sir,
Death that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,
Hath now returned you your heart again,
Dissolv'd your Vows, dislink't that sacred chain,
Which ty'd your souls: nay more, her dying breath
Bequeath'd your heart to me; which by her death
Is grown a debt that you are bound to pay:
Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,
The longer time her soul is dispossess't
(And by your means) of her desired rest.

Whereto the poor distressed Argalus,
Pausing a while, return'd his answer thus:
Incomparable Lady,
When first of all, by heaven's divine directions,
We lov'd, we lik't, we link't our dear affections,
And with the solemn power of an Oath,
In presence of the better Gods, we both
Exchang'd our hearts: in witness of which thing,
I gave, and she received that dear Ring,
Which now you wear: by which she did resigne
Her heart to me; for which, I gave her mine.
Now, Madam, by a mutual commerce,

My

Mine exchang'd heart is not my own, but hers :
 Which if it had the power to survive,
 She being dead, what heart have I to give ?
 Or if that heart expired in her death,
 What heart had she (poor Lady!) to bequeath ?
 Madam, in her began my dear affection ;
 In her it liv'd, in her it had perfection ;
 In her it joy'd, although but ill befriended
 By Fate ; in her begun, in her it ended.
 If I had lov'd, if I had only lov'd
 Parthenia's beauty, I had soon been mov'd
 To moderate my sorrows, and to place
 That Love on you, that have Parthenia's face :
 But 'twas Parthenia's self I lov'd, and love ;
 Which as no time hath power to remove
 From my fixt heart, so nothing can diminish,
 No fortune can dissolve, no death can finish.
 With mingled Frowns and Smiles she thus reply'd
 Half in a rage, And must I be deny'd ?
 Are these the noble favours I expected ?
 To find disgrace, and go away rejected ?
 Most noble Lady, if my words (said he)
 Sute not your expectation, let them be
 Imputed to the misery of my state,
 Which makes my lips to speak they know not what :
 Mistake not him, that only studies how
 With most advantage still to honour you.
 Alas ! what joys I ever did receive
 From Fortune, 's buried in Parthenia's Grave ;
 With whom, ere long (nor are my hopes in vain)
 I hope to meet, and never part again.





(16)

So said, with more than Eagle-winged haste
 She flew into his bosome, and imbrac'd
 [In her cros'd arms, his sorrow wasted was.]
 Surcharg'd with Joy, she wept, not having power
 To speak: Have you beheld an *April* shower
 Send down her hasty bubbles, and then stops,
 Then storms afresh, through whose transparent drops
 The unobscured Lamp of Heaven conveys
 The brighter glory of his refulgent rays :
 Even so, with her blushing cheeks resided
 A mixt aspect, 'twixt smiles and tears divided :
 So even divid'd, no man could say, whether
 She wept, or smil'd, she smil'd and wept together.
 She held him fast, and like a fainting Lover,
 Whose passion now had license to discover
 Some words: *Since then thy heart is not for me :*
Take, take thy own Parthenia (said she)
Cheer up ! my Argalus, these words of mine
Are thy Parthenia's ; as Parthenia's thine ;
Believe it (Love) these are not false alarms,
Thou hast thy own Parthenia in thy arms.

Like as a man, whose hourly wants implore
 Each meals relief trudging from door to door,
 That hears no dialect from churlish lips,
 But news of *Beadles*, and their torturing whips,
 Takes up (perchance) some unexpected treasure,
 New lost ; departs, and joyful beyond measure,
 Is so transported, that he scarce believes
 So great a truth ; and what his eye perceives,

Not daring trust, but fears it is some vision,
Or flattering dream, deserving but derision ;
So *Argalus* is amazed at the news
Fain would believe, but daring not abuse
His ealie faith too soon ; for fear his heart
Should surfeit on conceit, he did impart
The truth unto his fancy by degrees :
Where stop^d by passion, falling on his knees,
He thus began ; O you eternal powers,
That have the guidance of these souls of ours,
Who by your just Prerogative can do
What is a sin for man to dive into :
Whose undiscover'd actions are too high
For thought : too deep for man tⁱnquire : why ?
Delude not these mine eyes with the false show
Of such a joy, as I must never know
But in a dream ; or if a dream it be,
O let me never wake again, to see
My selfe deceiv'd, that am ordain'd tⁱenjoy
Aréal greif, and but a dreaming joy.
Much more he spake to this effect, which ended,
He blest himself, and (with a sigh) unbended
His aking knees , and rising from the ground,
He cast his rousing eyes about, and found
The room avoided, and himself alone
The door half clo^d, and his *Parthenia* gone,
His new distemper'd passions grew extream :
I knew, I knew, (said he) 'twas but a dream ;
A minutes joy, a flussh, a fluttering bubble ;
Blown by the fancy, full of pleasing trouble ;
Which waking breaks, and empties into aire,
And breaths into my soul a fresh despair.

*I knew 'twas nothing but a golden Dream,
Which (waking) makes my wants the more extream :
I knew 'twas nothing but a dreaming joy,
A bliss which (waking) I should ne'r enjoy.
My dear Parthenia, tell me where, O where
Art thou that so delu'st mine eye, mine ear ?
O that my weakened fancy had the might
To represent unto my real sight
What my deceived eyes beheld, that I
Might surfit with excess of Joy, and dye.
With that the fair Parthenia (whose desire
Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire ;
And by a well advised Course to smother
The fury of one passion with another)
Stept in, and said, When Argalus take thou
Thy true Parthenia : thou dream'st not now ;
Behold this Ring, whose Motto does impart
The constancy of our divided heart :
Behold these eyes, that for thy sake have vented
A world of tears, unpitied, unlamented :
Behold this face, that had of late the power
To curse all beauty, yet it self secure :
Witness that Tapor, whose prophetic snuff
Was outed and revived with one puff :
And that my words may whet thy dull belief,
'Twas I that roar'd beneath the Scourge of grief,
When thou didst curse the darkness for concealing
My face ; and then the Tapor for revealing
So foul a face ; 'twas I, that overcome
With violent despair, stood deaf, and dumb
To all thy urg'd persuasions : it was I,
That in thy absence, did resolve to die*

*A wandring Pilgrim, trusting to be led
By fortune, to my Death; and therefore fled.
But see! the powers above can work their ends,
In spite of mortals: and what man intends,
The Heavens dispose, and order the event:
For when my thoughts were desperately bent
To mine own ruine, I was led by fate
(Through dangers, now, too tedious to relate)
To fair Queen Hellen's Court, not knowing whither
My unadvised steps were guided. Thither
My Genius brought me; where unknown to any,
I mourn'd in silence, though observ'd by many:
Reliev'd by none; at length they did acquaint
The fair Queen Hellen with my strange complaint:
Whose noble heart did truly sympathize
With mine, partaking in my miseries:
Who fill'd with pitty, strongly did importune
The woful cause of my disastrous fortune,
And never rested till she did enforce
These lips to acquaint her with the whole discourse:
Which done: her gracious pleasure did command
Her own Chirurgion, to whose skilful hand
She left my foul disease, who in the space
Of twice ten days, restor'd me to this face:
The cure perfected, straight she sent about
(Without my knowledge) to enquire out
That Party, for whose sake I was content
To endure such grief with patience, unrepented;
Hoping (since by her means, and help of art
My face was cur'd) even so to cure my heart.
But when the welcome Messenger return'd
The place of thy abode, O how my spirit burn'd*

To kiss her hands, and so to leave the Court :
But she, (whose favors did transcend report :
As much, as they exceeded my desert)
Detain'd me for a while, as loath to part
With her poor handmaid ; till at last pretending
A lovers hast, and freely apprehending
So just a cause of speed ; she soon befriended
My best desires, and sent me thus attended :
Where (under a false mask) I laid this Plot,
To see how soon my Arg'lus had forgot
His dead Parthenia ; but my blessed ear
Hath heard, what few or none must hope to hear :
Now farewell sorrow, and let old despair
Go seek new brests : let mischief never dare
Attempt our hearts : let Argalus enjoy
His true Parthenia ; let Parthenia's joy
Revive in him ; let each be blest in either,
And blest be Heaven, that brought us both together.

With that the well-nigh broken hearted Lover,
Ravish'd with over joy, did thus discover
His long pent words : And do these eyes once more
Behold what their extream despair gave ore
To hope for ? Do these wretched eyes attain
The happiness to see this face again ?
And is there so much happiness yet left
For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft
Of power t' enjoy, what Heaven hath power to give ?
Breaths my Parthenia ? Does Parthenia live ?

Who, ever saw the Pole-affecting stone,
By hidden power, (a power as yet unknown
To our confin'd and darkned reason) draw
The neighbouring steel, which by the mutual law

Of nature's secret working, strives as much
 To be attracted, till they joyn and touch
 Even so these greedy lovers meet, and charms
 Each other strongly in each others arms ;
 Even so they meet, and with unbounded measure
 Of true content, and time beguiling pleasure
 Enjoy each other with a world of kisses,
 Sealing the Patent of true worldly blisses ;
 Where for a while I leave them to receive
 What pleasures new-met Lovers use to have.

Readers forbear, and let no wanton eye
 Abuse our Scene, let not the stander by
 Corrupt our lines, or make an obscene gloss
 Upon our sober text, and mix his dross
 With our refined Gold, extracting sowre
 From sweet ; and poyson from so fair a flower.
 Correct your wandring thoughts, and do not fear
 To think the best : Here is no *Tarquin* here,
 No lustful, no insatiate *Messaline*,
 Who thought it gain sufficient to resign
 An age of honour, for a Night of pleasure ;
 Whose strength to endure lust, was the just measure
 Of her adust desire : Ye need not fear
 Our private Lovers, who esteem less dear
 Their Lives, than honours, daring not to do
 But what unsham'd, the *Sun* may pry into.

If any itching ears desire to know
 What secret conference past betwixt these two,
 To them my Muse thus answers : 'When your case
 Shall prove the like, she wills you to embrace
 True honour, as these noble Lovers did,
 And you shall know ; till then, you are forbid

'To

'To enquire further : Only this she pleases
 To let you understand, that love's diseases
 Being thoroughly cured by their meeting, they
 Have once again prefix't a Marriage day ;
 Which that it might succeed with fairer fortune,
 Readers, she moves your pleasures to importune
 The better Gods, *That they would please t'appay*
Their griefs with joy, and smile upon that day.



ARGALUS

AND

PARTHENIA.

The Third Book.

WHEN sturdy *March's* storms are overblown,
 And *April's* gentle shows are slid down,
 To close the wind-chapt Earth, succeeding *May*,
 Enters her month, whose early breaking day
 Calls Ladies from their easie beds, to view
 Sweet *Maia's* pride, and the discoulour'd hiew
 Of dewy-breasted *Flora*, in her bower,
 Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
 Her fancy likes ; wherewith to be possest,
 Until it fade, and whither in her brest.
 Now smooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder smiles
 Visits the banks of his beloved *Iles* ;
Eolus calls in the winds, and bids them hold (Their

Their full-mouth'd blasts, that breathless are controll'd.
Each one retires, and shrinks into his seat,
And Sea-green *Triton* sounds a shrill retreat ;
And thus at length, our *Pinace* is past ore
The bar, and rides before the *Maiden-tower*.

Up, now in earnest (*Voyagers*) and stand ye.
On your faint legs. Our *Long-boat* straight shall land
Forget your travels now, and lead your eyes (ye.
From your past dangers to your present prize :
You traffick not for toys, the Gods have set
No other price to things of price, but *sweat*.
Chear up ; call home your hearts, and be advis'd,
Goods eas'ly purchas'd, are as eas'ly priz'd ;
You traffick not for trifles, and your travel
Was not to compass the almighty gravel
Of th' *Indian Mines*, to ballast your estates ;
'Twas not for blasts of *Honour*, whose poor dates
Depend on regal smiles, and have no measures,
But Monarch's wills, expiring with their pleasures :
'Twas not to conquer Kingdoms, or obtain
The dangerous title of a *Sovereign* :
These are poor things : it is but false discretion
To toyl, where hopes are sweeter than possession ;
No, we are bound upon more brave adventures,
True Honour, Beauty, Vertue, are the Centers
To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend ;
And heaven hath brought our Voyage to an end.

Hail, noble *Arg'lus* ; now the *Cockboat* stands
Secure, step forth ; spread forth thy widened hands,
And take thy fairest *Bride* into thy arms :
Strike up (brave Spirit) *Cupids* fresh alarms
Upon her melting lips : take *Toll*, before
Thou set her dainty foot upon the shore ;

So

So let her slide upon thy gentle breast,
And feel the ground ; then lead her to her rest.
Go Imps of honour, let the morning Sun
Gild your delights, and spend his beams upon
Your marriage Triumphs ; let his Western light
Decline apace, and make an early night.
Go, *Turtles*, go, let trebble joys be side
The faithful *Bridegroom*, and his fairest bride :
Let your own virtues light you to your rest ;
To-morrow come we to your nuptial feast.

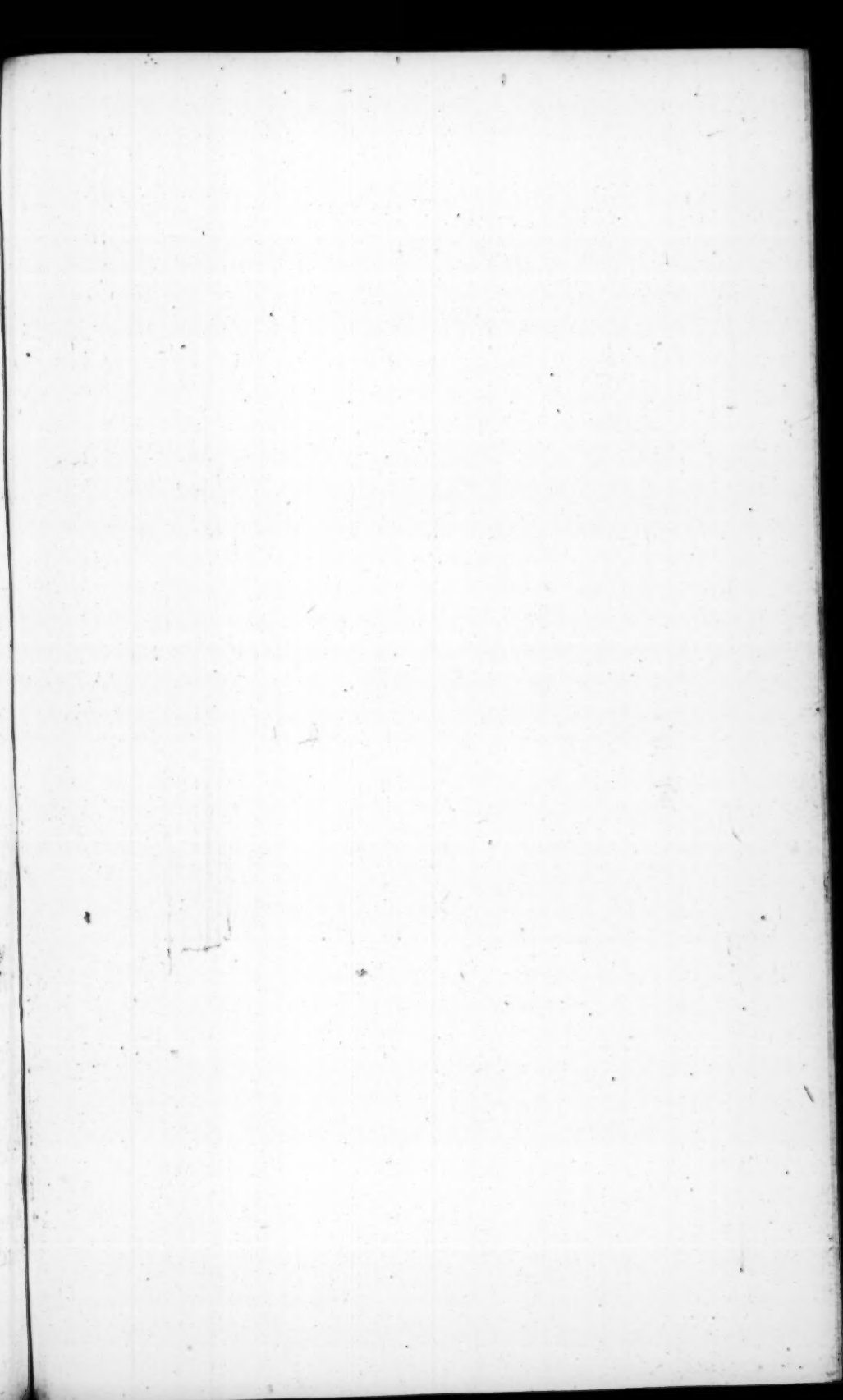
By this, the curl'd pate *Wagoner* of heaven
Had finish't his diurnal course, and driven
His panting Steeds a down the western hill,
When silver *Cynthia* rising to fulfil
Her nightly course, lets fall an evening tear,
To see her brother leave the *Hemisphere*,
Which by the air dispers'd, is early found
(And call'd a *pearly dew*) upon the ground :
Still as the night, no language did molest
The waking ear ; all mortals were at rest :
No breath of wind had power to provoke
The Aspine-leaf, or urge the th' aspiring smoke ;
Sweet was the air, and clear ; no star was hid ;
No envious cloud was stirring, to forbid
The wild Astronomer to gaze and look
Into the secrets of his spangled book ;
Whil'st round about, in each resounding grove,
(As if the *Choristers* of night had strove
T'excel) the warbling *Philomel* compares
And vies by turns, her *Polypholian* airs.
And now the horn-mouth'd Bellman of the night
Had sent his midnight summons to invite

Nights

Nights ravenous rebels from their secret holds
To rove and visit the securer Folds ;
Wail't drouzy *Morphus* with his leaden keys,
Locks up the Shepherds eye lids, and betrays
The scatter'd flocks ; which lie like sacrifices
Expecting fire when the sun god rises.
By this the pale fac'd Empress of the Night
Had re-surrend'ed up her borrowed light,
And to the lower world she now retires,
Attended with her train of lesser fires,
And early *Hesper* shoots his golden head,
To usher *Titan* from his purple bed ;
The gray-ey'd *Junitor* does now begin
To ope his Eastern portals, and let in
The new born day ; who having lately hurl'd
The shades of night into the lower world,
The dewy-cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold
Her purple curtains, all befring'd with Gold ;
And from the pillow of his *Crocean* bed,
Don *Phæbus* rouzes his refulgent head ;
That with his all-discerning eye surveys
And gilds the mountains with his morning rays.
Now, now, the wakeful *Bridegroom* (whose last night
Had made her shades too long) salutes the light,
Salutes the welcome light, which now, at length,
Shall crown his heart with joys, beyond the strength
Of mortal language, whose religious fires
Shall light those Lovers to their wish't desires.

Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds,
T'enjoy that joy from whence all joy proceeds :
Enter those joys, from whence all joy proceeds :
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy nuptial weeds.

And





And thou fair *Bride*, more beauteous then the day,
Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away ;
Awake and rouse thee from thy downy slumber
Thy *Day* is come : O may thy joys out number
Thy minutes that are past, and do ensue ;
Arise, and bid thy Maiden bed adieu ;
Put on thy Nuptial robes, time calls away ;
O may thy after days be like this day.

(17)

By this, bright *Phæbus* with redoubled glory,
Had half way mounted to the hightest story
Of his *Olimpick Palace* : there to see
This long expected dayes solemnity :
When all on sudden, there was heard (around
From every Quarter) the Majestick sound
Of many Trumpets : all, in consort running
One point of War, transcending far the cunning
Of mortal blasts ; and, what did seem more strange,
The shril mouth'd Musick did as sudden change
To *Dorick* strains, to sweet mollitious airs,
To *Lyrick* songs, and voices like to theirs
That charm'd *Ulysses* : whilst th'amazed ear
Good ravisht at these changes, it might hear
Those voices, (by begrees) transform'd to *Lutes*,
To *Shalms*, deep throated *Sackbuts*, and to *Flutes*,
And eccho-forcing *Cornets* ; which surpass
The art of man : this *Harmony* did last
Till the *Bridegroom* came : but all men wondred
To hear the noise : Some thought the Heavens had
A new tune, and some more wiser ears (thundred
Conceivd'

Conceiv'd it was the *Musick of the Sphears* :
All wondred, all men gaz'd, and all could hear ;
But none knew whence the *Musick* was, or where,
Forthwith, as if a second *Sun* had rose,
And strove with greater brightness, to depose
The glory of the first, the *Bridegroom* came,
Usher'd along with Eagle-winged *fame*,
Whose twice five hundred mouths did at one blast
Inspire a thousand *Trumpets*, as he past :
His Nuptial vesture was of Scarlet *die*,
So deep, as it would dazle a weak eye
To gaze upon't ; to which, the curious Art
Of the laborious Needle did impart
So great a glory, that you might behold
A rising *Sun*, imboast with purest Gold :
From whence ten thousand *trailes* of gold came down
In waving points, like *Sun beams* from the Sun :
Thus from his chamber 'midst the vulgar Croud
(Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy cloud)
The long expected *Bridegroom* came, and past
Th'amazed multitude ; till, at the last,
His Herald brought him to the *hall of state*,
Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did await
To welcome his approach, and to discharge
The lower volley of their joyes at large :
The Hall was spacious, lightsome, and bestrow'd
With *Flora's* wealth, (a bounty that she ow'd
This glorious feast) the walls were richly clad
With curious *Tap'stry*, (such as *Greece* ne'r had
Before that day) wherein you might behold,
Wrought to the life, in colour'd silk and Gold,

This

This present story of these peerless Lovers,
Which like a silent Chronicle, discovers
The several passages that did befall
'Twixt their first meeting, and their Nuptial;
Devis'd and wrought by Virgins born in Greece,
Presented to this *Triumph*, as a *Piece*
Devoted to the memory and fame
Of *Argalus*, and his *Parthenia's* name;
No sooner was the Ceremony ended
(Wherein each noble spirit more contended
T'express affection, then affect the expression
Of courtly *Rhet'rick*, in a bare profession
Of airy friendship) but a sudden shout
Of rudely mingled voices flew throughout
The spacious *Castle*, which confus'dly cry'd,
Joy to Parthenia, to the fairest Bride.
Forthwith (as if that heaven had broken loose,
And *Dieties* had meant to enterpose
Their heavenly bodies, with the mortal tribe
Of men; or else, intending to ascribe
Their pers'nal honor to this Nuptial)
In more then princely state, enters the *hall*
A glorious shew of Ladies, all array'd
In rare and costly robes, and richly laid
With Gems unvalued; and each Lady wore
A scarf upon her arm, embroidred ore
With *Gold* and *Pearl*; thus hand in hand they past
Into the *Hall*, but oft their eyes did cast
A backward look, as if their thoughts did mind,
Some greater glory, comming on behind:
Next after them came in the *Virgin Crew*
In milke white robes (Virgins that never knew

The sacred myst'ries of the marriage bed,
Nor, finding trouble in a *Maidenhead*
Ere lent a thought to nuptial joyes till now)
Thus past these buds of nature, two by two,
Their long dishevelled tresses dangled down
With careless Art, and on each head a crown
Of Golden *Lawrel* stood : their faces shrowded
Beneath a vail, seem'd as the stars were clouded.

Have ye beheld in frosty Winters even,
When all the lesser twinkling *Lamps* of Heaven
Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
Of rising *Cynthia* looks ? with what a grace
She views the throne of darkness, and aspires
Th'*Olympick* brow, amidst the smaller fires ?
So after all these *sparks* of beauty came
(They were but sparks to such a glorious flame)
The fair *Parthenia* : Thus the rose-cheek'd *Bride*
Enters the room ; a milk-white *vail* did hide
Her blushing face, which ne'rtheless discloses
Some glimps of red, like *Lawn* ore-spreading *Roses* ;
Thus entred she. The Garments that she wore
Were made of purple silk, bespangled ore
With *Stars* of purest Gold, and round about
Each several *Star* went, winding in and out,
A *trail* of Orient *Pearl*, so rarely wrought,
That as the garments mov'd, you would have thought
The *Stars* had twinkled ; her dishevelled hair
Hung down behind, as if the only care
Had been to reconcile *neglect* and *art*,
Hung loosely down ; and vail'd the backer part
Of these her Sky-resembling Robes ; but so,
That every breath would wave it too and fro,

Like

Like flying clouds, through which you might discover
Sometimes one glim'ring *Star*, sometimes another :
Thus on she went ; her ample train supported
By thrice three Virgins, evenly siz'd and sorted
In purple robes : forthwith, the *Bridegroom* rises
From of his chair ; bows down and sacrifices
The peaceful offering of a morning kiss
Upon her lips : *To such a Saint as this,*
O, what rebellious heart could chuse but bow,
And offer freely the perpetuall vow
Of choice obedience ?

With that, each Noble moves him from his place,
And with a posture, full of princely grace,
Salutes the worthy *bride*, with words, expressing
The joyfull model of a Kingdom's blessing.
But hark ! The *Hymenean Trumpet* sends
Her latest summons forth : *Hymen* attends
The noble pair, and is prepar'd to yoke
Their promis'd hands : the sacred *Altars* smoke
With *Myrrh* and *Frankincense*, the ways are strow'd
With *Flora's* pride, and the expecting crowd
Have throng'd the streets, and every greedy eye
Attends to see the *Triumph* passing by.

At length the gates flew open : on this fashion
Began the triumph : first a *Proclamation*
Was made, with a loud voice : *If any be*
Or Lord, or Knight, or whatsoever degree,
Professing Arms or Honor in the Land,
That at this time can challenge or pretend
A title to Parthenia's heart, or claim
A right, or interest in her love or name :
Let him come forth in Person, or appear
By noble Proxy, if not present here :

*And by the exc^lent honor of a Knight,
He shall recieve such honorable right
As the just sword can give; let him now come
And speak, or else, for ever more be dumb.*

Thrice was it read; which done, forthwith there
True honors Eagle winged Herald, Fame; (came
Sounding a silver Trump; and as she past
She shook the earths foundation, with her blast:

Next after whom in undissembled state
The *Bridegroom* came: on his right hand did wait
The god of war in martial robes of green,
All stain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had been
But newly wounded, and from every wound
Fresh blood did seem to trickle on the ground:
And as the garments mov'd, each dying heart
Would seem to pant a while, and then depart:
Upon the *Bridegrooms* left hand there attended
Heavens Pursivant, whose brawny arms extended
A winged *Caduce*: he had scarce the might
To curb his feet: his feet were wing'd for flight:
Above his head their hands did joyntly hold
A *Crimson Canopy* embost with Gold.

Next them twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd,
Brave men at arms, whose names the world had hal-
For rare exploits and twice as many Knights, (low'd
Whose bloods had ransom'd, & redeem'd the rights
Of wronged Ladyes: These were all array'd
In robes of *Needle-work*, so rarely made,
That he which sees them, thinks he doth behold
Armours of steel, fair filleted with Gold:
And as they marcht, their *Squires* did advance
Before each Knight his warlick *Shield* and *Lance*.

And

And after these, the Princely *Virgin Bride*
On whom all eyes were fastned, did divide
Her gentle paces, being lead between
Two *Goddeses*, the one array'd in green,
On which the curious needle undertook
To make a Forrest: here a bubling brook
Divide two thickets: through the which doth flie
The single *Deer*, before the deep mouth'd cry
That closely follows: there th'affrighted Herd
Stands trembling at the Musick, and afear'd
Of every shadow, gazes to and fro,
Not knowing where to stay, or where to go:
Where, in a *Landskip*, you may see the *Faunes*
Following their crying mothers ore the *Lawns*:
The other was in robes, the purer die
Whereof did represent the mid-day skie
Full of *black clouds*; through which, the glorious *beams*
Of the victorious *Sun* appears, and seems
As 'twere to scatter, and at length to shed
His brighter glory, on a fruitful bed
Of noisome weeds, from whence you might discern
A thousand painful *bees* extract and earn
Their sweet provision: and, with laden thighs
To bear the waxy burthens: On this wise
The princely *bride* was led betwixt these two,
The first, was she, that on *Acteons* brow
Revenge'd her naked Chastity: the other (ther
Was she, to whom *Joves* pregnant brain was mo-
Through *Vulcans* help, and these did joyntly hold
Upon her head a *Coronet* of Gold:
Whose train *Diana's* Virgin crew, all crown'd
With Golden wreaths, supported from the ground.

Next after her, upon the triumph waited
 An order, by *Diana* new created,
 And styl'd, *The Ladies of the Madienhead*,
 In white, wrought here and there with spots of red,
 And every spot appeared as a stain
 Of Lovers blood, whom their coy hearts had slain :
 Rankt three and three, and on each head a Crown
 Of *Primeroses*, and *Roses* not yet blown.

Next whom, the Beauties of th' *Arcadian* Court
 March'd two and two, whose glory came not short
 Of what th' unlimited and studied art
 Of glory-vying Ladies could impart
 To such solemnities, where every one
 Strove to excel, and to b' excell'd of none.

Thus came they to the *Temple*, where attended
 The sacred *Priests*, whose voices recommended
 The days success to heaven, and did divide
 A blessing 'twixt the *Bridegroom* and the *Bride* ;
 Which done, and after low obeisance made,
 The first (while all the rest kept silence) said :

Welcome to Juno's sacred Courts : Draw near :
Unspotted Lovers, welcome : do not fear
To touch this holy ground ; pass on secure ;
Our gates stand open to such guests as you are :
Our gracious Goddesses granteth your desires,
And hath accepted of those holy fires
We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleasure
To smell our Incense, in so great a measure
Of true delight, that we are bold to say,
She crowns your vows, and smiles upon this day.

So said they bowed to the ground, and blest
 Themselves : that done, they singled from the rest

The noble *Bridegroom*, and his *Princely Bride*,
And said, *Our gracious Goddess be our guide*,
As we are yours : And as they spake that word,
Their well tun'd voices sweetly did accord
With musick from the Altar : as a long
They past, they gently warbled out this Song :

Thus in *Pomp and Priestly pride*,
To glorious *Juno's Altar* go we ;
Thus to *Juno's Altar* show we ;
The noble *Bridegroom and his Bride* :
Let *Juno's hourly blessings* send ye
As much joy as can attend ye,

May these *Lovers* never want
True joys, nor ever beg in vain
Their choice desires : but obtain
What they can wish, and she can grant ;
Let *Juno's hourly blessing* send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.

From *satiety*, from *strife*,
From *jealousie*, *domestick fars*,
From those blows that leave no scars,
Juno protect your marriage life :
Let *Juno's hourly blessing* send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.

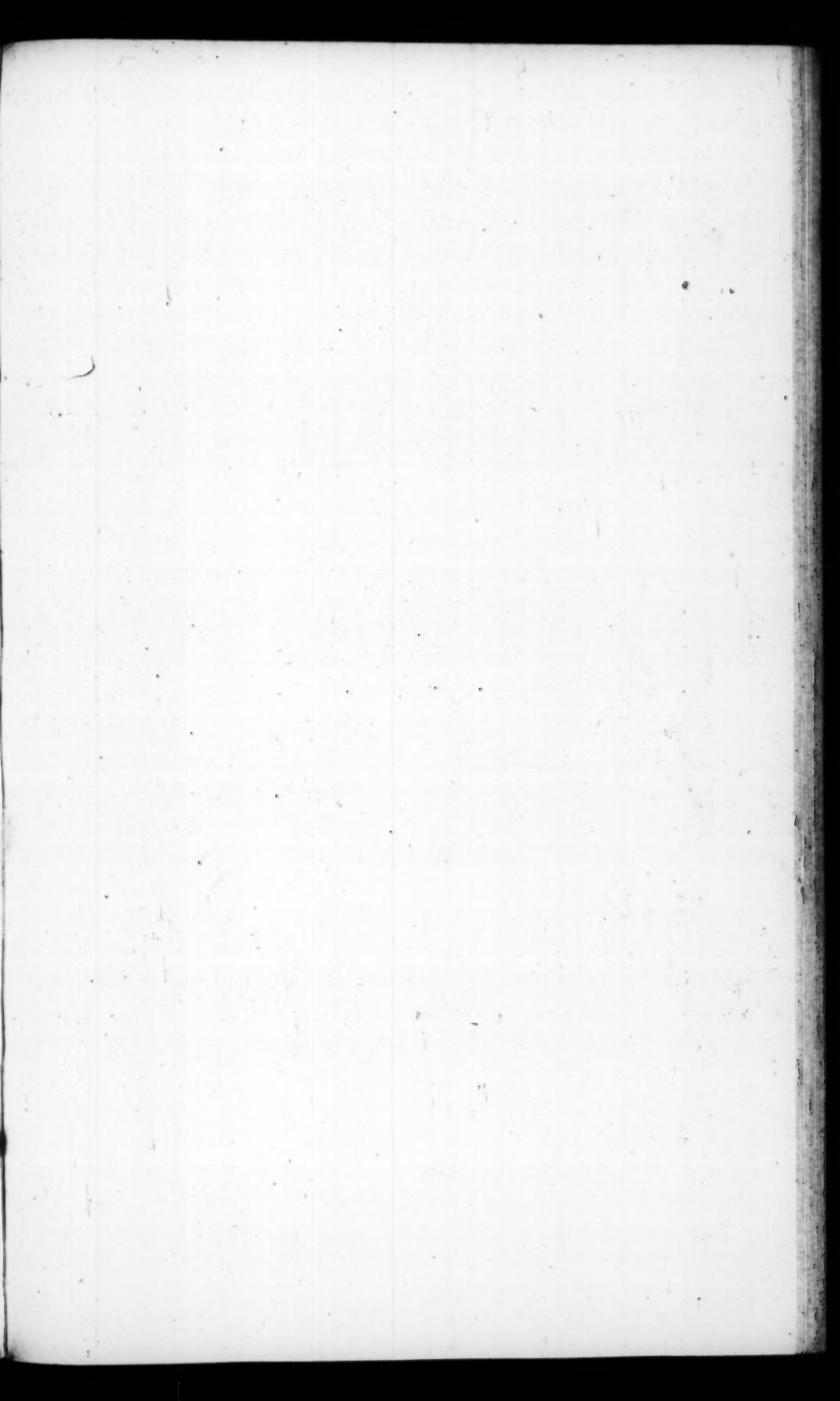
Thus to *Hymen's sacred bands*,
We commend your chaste deserts,
That as *Juno* link't your hearts,
So she would please to joyn your hands ;
And let both their blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.

No sooner was this Nuptial *Carol* ended,
But bowing to the ground, they recommended
This princely pair (both prostrate on the floor)
And with their hands presented them before
The sacred Altar, whereunto they brought
Two milk-white *Turtles* ; and with Prayers besought
That *Juno's* lasting favours would descend,
And make their pleasures, pleasures without end.

With that a horrid crack of dreadful thunder,
Possess each trembling heart with fear and wonder ;
The rafters of the holy Temples shook,
As if accursed *Archimago's* book
(That cursed Legion) had been newly read ;
The ground did tremble, and a mist ore-spread
The darkened Altar.

At length deep silence did possess and fill
The spacious *Temple*, all was whist and still.
When from the cloudy Altar brake the sound
Of heavenly *Musick*, such as would confound
With death, or ravishment, the earth-bred ear,
Had not the Goddess given it strength to bear
So strong a rapture. As the *Musick* ended,
The mist on sudden vanish't and ascended
From whence it came. The Altar did appear,
And Ashes lying where the *Turtles* were :
Near which, great *Hymen* stood, not seen before ;
His purple mantle was imbroidred ore (behold
With Crowns of *Thorn*, 'mongst which you might
Some, here and there, (but very few) of gold ;
Upon each little space, that did divide
The several Crowns, a *Gordian* knot was tide ;
And turning to the *Priest*, he thus began :

What





*What mean these fumes? Say, what hath mortal man
To do with us? What great request? what suit
Does now attend us, that they thus salute
Our nostrils, with such acceptable savors?
Tell us, wherein they do implore the favors
Of the pleas'd Gods? for by the eternal throne
And Majesty of Heaven, it shall be done.*

*Whereto, with bended knees, they thus repli'd;
Great God, this noble Bridegroom, and this Bride
Whom we, most humbly, here present before
Great Juno's sacred Altar, do implore
Your gracious aid; that with your nuptial bands
Your grace would please to tie their promis'd hands.*

(18)

*With that he straight descends the holy stairs,
And with his widened arms divides and shares
An equal blessing 'twixt them both, and said:*

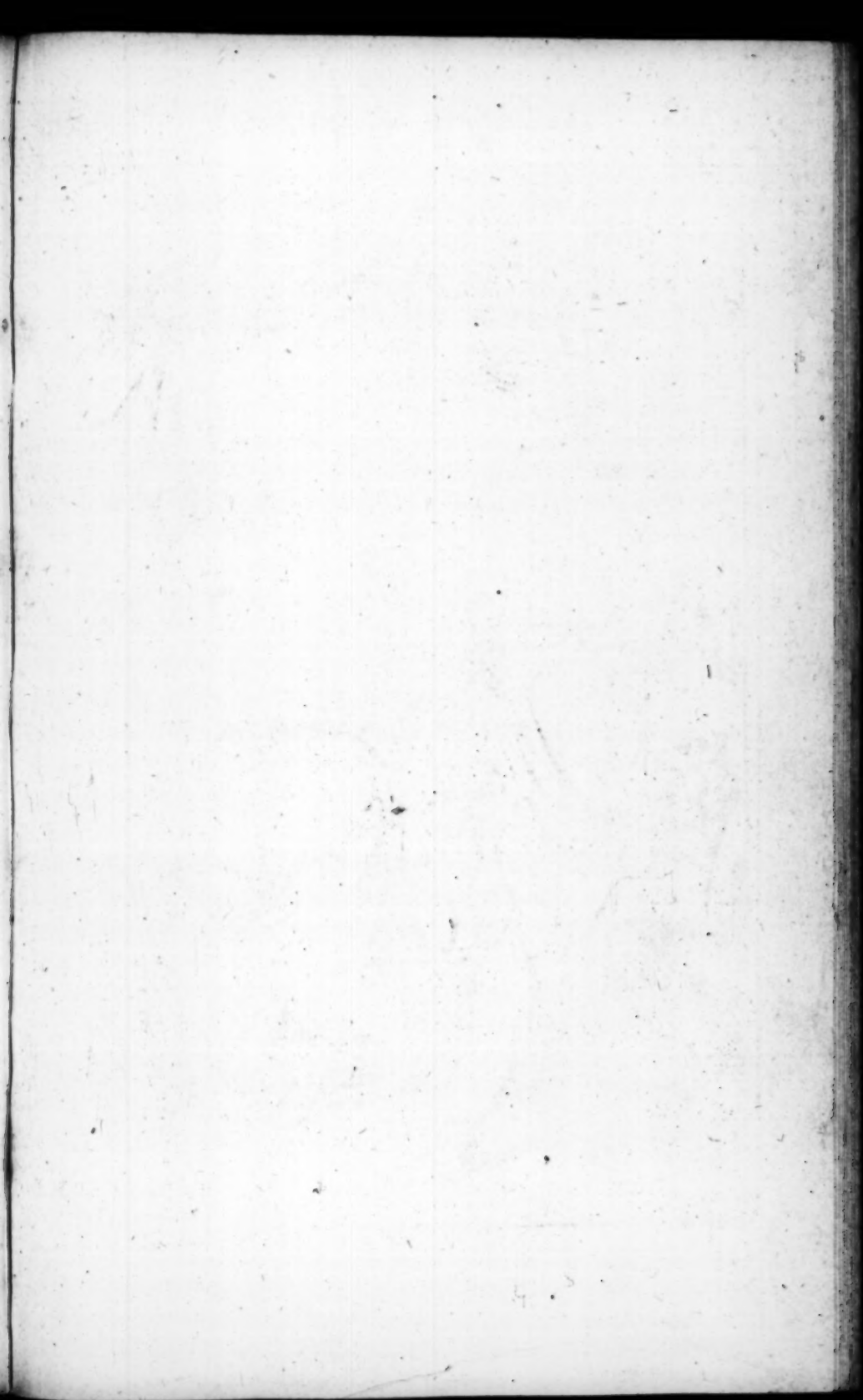
N*oble Youth, and lovely Maid,
Heaven accepts your pleasing fires,
And hath granted your desires:
By the mystery of our power,
First we consecrate this hour
To Juno's name, that she would bless
Our prosp'rous actions with success.
With this oyl (which we appoint
For holy uses) we anoint
Your temples, and with nuptial bands
Thus we firmly joyn your hands:*

Re

Be joyn'd for ever : and let none
Presumet'undo what we have done
Be joyn'd till lawless Death shall sever
Both hands and hearts be joyn'd for ever :
Eternal curses we allot
To those, till then, shall loose this knot.

So said, he blest them both in *Juno's* name,
And from their sight he vanisht in a flame :
That done, they rose, and with new fumes saluted
The smoaking Altar : thrice they prostituted
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
Where, sending forth the well accepted sound
Of *thanks* and *vows*, from their divided heart,
They kiss the sacred *Altar*, and depart ;
And with the self-same Triumph as they came,
Return'd ; whil'st the louder *Trump* of Fame
With a full blast, sends forth a shrill retreat,
And re-conducts them to the *Hall of State*,
Whose richly furnisht table would invite
A bed-rid stomach to an appetite,
And make the wastful *glutton*, that does eat
His unearn'd dyet with his dayly sweat,
Behold his heaven in a more ample measure,
Than he had hopes to purchase with the treasure
Of his best faith ; such were the dainties, such
The viands, that I dare not think too much
To term it *Paradise*, where all things did
Offer themselves, and nothing was forbid :
Soon as the *Marshal* of this princely feast
Had in his rightful seat plac'd every guest,
A soft harmonious rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a thing divine.

(19) Forth-





(19)

Forthwith, with joynd hands and smiling faces
With habits more unequal than their paces
A jolly pair drew near the table ; th'one
In green : his pamper'd body had out-grown
His seam-ript garments, all imbroider'd ore
With spreading Vines, whose fruitful leaves did cover
With swelling Clusters ; his out-strutting eyes
Star'd in his head : his dropsie swollen thighs
Quagg'd as he went ; his purple colour'd snout
Was deeply furnish't and inrich't about
With *Carbuncles* ; around his brows did twine
Full laden clusters, raviht from the Vine.

The other was a *Lady*, whom the *Sun*
VVith his bright rays, had too much gaz'd upon,
The colour of her silken mantle was
'Twixt *green* and *yellow*, like the fading grass :
On which were wrought inclosed Fields of *Corn*;
Some reap't, some bound in sheaves, and some unshorn:
VVell favour'd was her count'nance, plump & round ;
Her golden tresses dangled to the ground :
Her temples bound with full ripe ears of *Wheat*,
VVreath'd like a *Garland* : frequent drops of sweat
Down from her swarthy brows did silyly trickle
And in her Sun-burnt hand she bare a sickle,
Thus usher'd, with a *Bag-pipe* to the table,
They both stood mute, : *Bacchus* as yet unable
To challenge language from his breathless tongue,
Till smiling *Ceres* thus began the song.

Welcome

- W**elcome fairest Virgin Bride,
 Welcome to our jolly feast :
 Taste what Ceres did provide
 For so fair, so fair a guest :
- Bacch.** Taste what Bacchus did provide
 For so fair, so fair a guest :
 Welcome fairest Virgin Bride,
 Welcome to our jolly feast.
- Chor.** Our conjoyned bounties do
 Make Mars smile, and Venus too.
- Ceres.** Welcome noble Bridegroom hither.
 Worlds of bliss, and joy attend ye.
 Freely welcome both together,
 See what Ceres bounty sends ye.
- Bacch.** Freely welcome both together,
 See what Bacchus bounty sends ye.
 Welcome noble Bridegroom hither ;
 Worlds of bliss, and joy attend ye.
- Chor.** Our conjoyned bounties do
 Make Mars smile, and Venus too.
- Ceres.** Here is that, whose sweet variety
 Gives you pleasure and delight ;
 Makes you full without satiety ;
 Wastes the day, and hastes the night.
- Bacch.** This will rouse the man of war
 When the drum shall beat in vain,
 When his spirits drooping are,
 This will make them rise again.
- Chor.** You that joyntly do inherit
 Venus beauty, Mars his spirit,
 Freely taste our bounty: so
 Mars shall smile, and Venus too.

The Song thus ended, joyning hands together,
They bow'd and vanisht, none knew how, nor whi-
To make relation of each quaint devise (ther.
That art presented their unwearied eyes :
The nature of their mirth, of their discourse :
The dainties of the first, the second course :
The secret glances of the *Bridegrooms* eye
On his fair *Bride* ; how oft she blusht, and why,
Were but to rob the *Bridegroome* of his right,
Who counts each hour a Summers day till night.
Methinks it grieves me, that my Pen should wrong
Poor Lovers disappointed hopes so long :
And it repents me so, that oftentimes
Methinks I could be angry with my Rimes,
And for the cruel sins that I commit
In being tedious, some I with unwrit :
Let it suffice, what glory, what delight,
What state, or what to please the appetite,
The eye, the ear, the fancy : In a word,
What joy so short a season could afford
To well prepared hearts, was here exprest
In this our Nuptial, this our princely feast.

Thus when the board was voided, and the *Servant*
Had now resign'd his office with the *Ember*,
The curious linen gone ; and all the rights
Perform'd, that 'long to festival delights :
The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall,
Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all
To depth of silence ; tells them, 'tis his task
To let them know, the Gods intend a Mask,
To grace these Nuptials ; and with that he spread
His air-dividing pinions and fled.

L

When

The Mask of the Gods. When silence thus had charmed every ear
 With wonder, and attention, they might hear
 The winged Quiristers of night, about
 In every corner, sweetly warbling out
 Their Philomelian airs, and wilder note,
 Which nature taught them to divide, by rote;
 So that the hall did seem a shady Grove
 Wherein by turn, th' ambitious Quire strove
 To excel themselves.

While thus their ears were feeding with delight
 Upon those strains, the Goddess of the night
 Enters the Scene: Her body was confin'd
 Within a coal black Mantle, thorow lin'd
 With sable Furs: her Tresses were of hiew
 Like Ebony, on with a Pearly dew
 Hung, like a spiders Web; her face did shrowd
 A swarth Complexion, underneath a cloud
 Of black curld Cypress: On her head she wore
 A Crown of burnisht Gold, beshaded ore
 With Frogs and Rory mist: her hand did bear
 A Scepter and a sable Hemisphere:
 She sternly shook her dewy locks, and brake
 A melancholy smile, and thus bespake;

Drive on, drive on, (dull Waggoner) let slip
 Your looser reins, and use thine idle whip,
 Thy pamper'd Steeds are purfie, drive away,
 The lower world thinks long to see the day:
 Darknes befits us best; and our delight
 Will relish far more sweeter in the night:
 Approach (ye blessed Shadows) and extend
 Your early jurisdiction, and befriend
 Our nightly sports: Approach, make no delay,
 It is our Queen, your sovereign calls away.

With

With that, a sudden darkness fill'd the Hall;
 The light was banish'd, and the windows all
 So neerly clos'd their eye-lids round about,
 That day could not get in, nor darkness out;
 Thus while the death-resembling shades of night
 Had drawn their misty Curtains 'twixt the light
 And every darkned eye, which was deni'd
 To see, but that, which darkness could not hide:
 The jealous God, fearing he knows not whom,
 (Indeed whom fears he not?) enters the room,
 And with his club-foot groping in the shade
 Of night, he mutter'd forth these words, and said

Where is this wanton Harlot now become? .
 Is light so odious to her? or is home
 So homely in her wandring eyes, that she
 Must still be rambling; where unknown to me
 Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
 But intermedling *Venus* must be one?
 Is't not enough that *Phabus* does applaud
 Her lusts, but must *Nights Goddess* be her Baud?
 Darkness be gone, thou *Patroness* to lust:
 If fair means may not rid thee, fouler must,
 Away; my power shall out-charm thy charms,
 I'll find her panting in her Lovers arms.
 Enter you *Lamplets* of terrestrial fire,
 And let your golden heads (at least) conspire
 To counterfeit a day, and on the night
 Revenge the wrongs of *Phabus*, with your light.

*Vulcanus
speaks.*

So said, the darkned hall was garnish'd round
 With lighted Tapers; Every Object found
 An eye to own it, and each eye was fill'd

With pleasure in the object it beheld.

*As these deviseful changes did incite
Their quickned fancies with a fresh delight,
Morpheus came in; his dreaming pace was so,
That none could say he mov'd, he mov'd so slow:
His folded arms, athwart his breast, did knit
A sluggards knot, his nodding chin did hit
Against his panting bosome, as he past:
And oftentimes his eyes were closed fast:
He wore a Crown of Poppy on his head;
And in his hand he bore a mace of Lead:
He yawned thrice, and after homage done
To Nights black Sovereign, he thus begun:*

*Morpheus
Speech.*

*Great Empress of the World: To whom I owe
My self, my service, my perpetual vow:
Before the footstool of whose dreadful throne
The Princes of this lower world lay down
Their Crowns and Scepters; whose victorious hand
In twice twelve hours did conquer and command
This globe of earth, your servant (whose dependance
Quickens his power) comes to give attendance
Upon the earthly shadows, and to seize
Upon these wearied mortals when you please
T'appoint; till then your servant is at hand
To put in execution your command.*

*The Goddess of the
Nights
Speech.*

*To whom the smiling Goddess thus repli'd.
Morpheus, our pleasure is to set aside
This night to mirth, & time-beguiling sports;
Our sleep-restraining business much imports
Your welcome absence, whil'st our ears shall
The flying hours; our mirth admits no slumber* (number
The

The word scarce ended, but the Queen of Love

Descended from her unseen seat, above :

In her fair hand she led her winged Son,

And like a full-mouth'd tempest, thus begun :

Disloyal *Sycophant*, Death's bastard brother,

Accursed spawn, cast from as curs'd a mother :

*Venus her
Speech to
Morpheus.*

That with thy base impostures risest man

Of half his days, of half that little span

Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles

Hugg'st him to death, betray'st him with thy smiles :

What mak'st thou here, and to usurp my right,

Perfidious *Caitiffe* ? *Venus* day is night :

Go to the frozen world, where man's desire

Is made of *Ice*, and melts before the fire,

Yet ne'r the warmer : Go, and visit fools,

Or *Phlegmatick* old age, whose spirit cools

As quickly as their breath : Go, what have we

To do (dull *Morpheus*) with thy Mace, or thee,

As leaden as thy Mace ? Th'art made for nought,

But to still Children, or to ease the thought

Of brain sick *Franticks* ; or with joys to flatter

Poor *slumbering* souls, which wak't, find no such mat-

Go succour those that vent by quick retail, (ter

Their wits upon dear penny-worths of Ale :

Or marrow'd *Eunuchs*, whose adult desire

Wants means to slack the fury of their fire :

O that I were a *Basilisk*, that I

Might dart my venome, or else venom'd die.

Boy, bend thy bow, and with thy forked dart

Drawn to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart :

Let fly Death's arrow, or if thou hast none,

In Death's name send an arrow of thy own :

We are both wrong'd, and in the same degree :
Shoot then, at once, revenge thy self and me .

*With that the little angry God did bend
His steel bow, and in Death's Name did send
His winged Messenger, whose faithful haste
Dispatcht his ireful errand, and stuck fast
Within his pierced Liver, and did hide
His singing Feathers in his wounded side.
Morpheus fell down as dead, and on the ground
Lay for a little season in a swoond,
Gasping for breath. And lovers dreams (they say)
Have evermore been wanton since that day.
Venus was pleas'd : The Goddes of the night
Grew angry ; she would needs resign her right
Of Government, and in a spleen threw down
Her Hemisphere, her Scepter, and her Crown :
And with a dusty fog she did besmear
The face of Venus, soil'd her golden hair
With her black shades, and with foul terms revil'd
Both her, her cuckold mate, and bastard child :
Whereat the God of War being much offended,
Forsook both seat and patience, and descended :
And to the World he proffer'd to make good
Fair Venus honour, with his dearest blood :
To whom poor Vulcan (puffing in a rage,
To hear his well known fortune on the stage)
Scall'd many a thank, and with his crouching Knee,
Profest true Love to such true Friends as he.
And ever since, experience lets us know,
Cuckolds are kind to such as make them so.*

*By this god Morpheus waking from his swoond,
Began to growne, and from his aking wound*

*Drew forth the buryed shaft ; but Mars (whose word
Admits no other second but his sword)
Unsheath'd his furious brondiron, and let fly
A blow at Morpheus head, which had well nigh
Clove him in twain, had not the Queen of night
Hurl'd hasty mists before his darkned sight :
So that the Sword, by a false guided aim
Stuck Vulcan's foot : which ever since was lame :
At last the Gods came down, and thought it good
To nip this early quarrel in the bud ;
Who fearing uproars, with a friendly Cup
Of blest Nepenthe, took the quarrel up :
And for th' offence committed did proclaim
This sentence in offended Juno's name.*

*Morpheus from hence is banisht for this night,
And not t'approach before the morning light:
Mars is exil'd for ever, as a Guest
Adjudg'd unfitting for a Marriage-feast.
Cupid is doom'd to rome and rove about
To the World's end, and both his eyes put out.
Venus is censur'd to perpetual Night,
And not (unless by stealth, to see the Light :
Her chiefest joy to be but pleasing folly,
Perform'd with madness, dogg'd with melancholly*

*The
Sen-
tence.*

*And here the Musick did invite their paces
To measure time, and by exchange of places
To lead the curious beholders eye
A willing captive to variety.*

*Thus, with the sweet vicissitude of mirth
They spent the time, as if that Heaven and Earth
Had studied to please man, in such a measure,*

That

*That art could not do more t'augment their pleasure.
And so they vanish't.*

Now Ceres Evening bounty re-invites
Her noble guests to her renew'd delights :
And frolick Bacchus, to refresh their souls
With a full hand, presents his swelling Bowls.
Wine came unwith't, like water from a source ;
And Dilicates were mingled with discourse :
What art could do to make a welcome guest,
Was liberally presented at that Feast.

(20)

It was no sooner ended, but appears
An old grey pilgrim, deeply struck in years,
In tatter'd garments : in his wrinkled hand
An hour-glass labouring with her latest sand ;
Beneath his arm, a buffen Knapfack hung
Stuft full of writings in an unknown tongue,
Chronologies, out-dated *Almanacks*,
And *Patents* that had long surviv'd their wax ;
Upon his Shoulders Eagle-wings were joyn'd :
His head ill thatcht before, but bald behind :
And leaning on his crooked *Sythe*, he made
A little pause, and after that, he said :

*Mortals, 'tis out, my Glass is run,
And with it the day is done :
Dark shadows have expell'd the Light,
And my Glass is turn'd for night.*

The



*The Queen of darkness bids me say,
Mirth is fitter for the day :
Upon the day such joys attend,
With the day such joys must end.
Think not darkness goes about,
Like Death, to puff your pleasures out :
No, no, she'll lend you new delights,
She hath pleasures for the Nights.
When as her shadows shall benight ye,
She hath what shall still delight ye :
Aged time shall make it known,
She hath dainties of her own :
'Tis very late, away, away,
Let day sports expire with day :
For this time we adjourn your Feast :
The Bridegroom fain would be at rest :
And if the night-pastimes displease ye,
Day will quickly come and ease ye.*

With that a sweet vermilion tincture stain'd
The Brides fair cheeks : the more that she restrain'd
Her blush, the more her disobedient blood
Did overflow, as if a second flood
Had meant to rise, and, for a little space,
To drown that world of beauty in her face :
She blusht (but knew not why) and like the Moon,
She look't most red upon her going down.

But see : The smiling Ladies do begin
To joyn their whispering heads, as there had been
A plot of treason : till at length unspi'd,
They stole away th'unwilling-willing Bride :
Their busie hands unrob'd her, and so led
The timorous Virgin to he Nuptial-bed

(21)

By this, the Nobles having recommended
 Their tongues to silence, their discourse being ended,
 They look't about, and thinking to have done
 Their Service to the Bride, the Bride was gone :
 And now the Bridegroom, (unto whom delay
 Seem'd worse than Death) could broke no longer stay;
 Attended with his noble Guests, he enters
 That room, where enterchangible *Indentures*
 Of dearest love lay ready to be seal'd
 With mutual Pleasures not to be reveal'd.

His garments grew too tedious, and their weight
 (Not able to be born) do over-fraight
 His weary shoulders : *Atlas* never stoop't
 Beneath a greater burthen, and not droop't :
 No help was wanting, for he did receive
 What sudden aid he could expect or have
 From speedy hands, from hands that did not waste
 The time ; unless (perchance) by over-haste :
 Mean while, a dainty warbling brest, not strong
 As sweet, presents this *Epithalmion* Song.

*Man of War, march bravely on,
 The Field's not easie to be won :
 Ther's no danger in that War,
 Where Lips both Swords and Bucklers are.*

*Here's no cold to chill thee,
 A Bed of Down's thy Field:
 Here's no sword to kill thee,
 Unless thou please to yield.*

Here



*Here is nothing will incumber,
Here will be no scars to number.*

*These be Wars of Cupid's making,
These be Wars will keep you waking,
Till the early breaking day
Calls your forces hence away.*

*These be Wars that make no spoil,
Death here shoots his shafts in vain:
Though the Souldier gets a foil,
He will rouse and fight again.
These be Wars that never cease,
But conclude a mutual Peace.*

*Let benign and prosperous stars
Breath success upon these Wars,
And when thrice three months be run,
Be thou father of a Son :*

*A son that may derive from thee
The honour of true merit,
And may to ages yet to be,
Convey thy blood, thy Spirit :
Making the glory of his fame
Perpetuate, and crown thy Name,
And give it life in spite of death,
When fame shall want both Trump, and Breath.*

*Have you beheld in a fair Summers Even
The Golden headed Charioter of Heaven,
With what a speed his prouder reins do bend
His panting Horses to their Journies end ?
How red he looks, with what a swift career
He hurries to the lower Hemisphere,
And in a moment shoots his golden head
Upon the pillow of blushing Thetis bed :*

Even

Even so the Bridegroom, (whose desire had wings
More swift than time, swicht on with pleasure) springs
Into his Nuptial bed; and look how fast
The stooping Faulcon clips, and with what haste
Her talons seize upon the timorous prey,
Even so his Arms, (impatient of Delay)
His circling Arms imbrac'd his blushing Bride,
While she (poor soul) lay trembling by his side.

The Bridegroom now grows weary of his guests,
What mirth of late was pleasing, now molests
His tired patience: Too much sweet offends:
Sometimes to be forsaken of our Friends,
In *Cupid's* Morals, is observ'd to be
The fruits of Friendship in the best degree.
And thus at last the Curtains being clos'd,
They left them each in others Arms repos'd.

*And here my Muse bids draw our Curtains too,
'Tis unfit to see what private Lovers do.
Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over-rank,
But veil thy understanding with a blank;
Think not on what thou think'st: and, if thou canst,
Yet understand not what thou understand'st.
Sow not thy fruitful heart with so poor seeds:
Or if perchance (unsown) they spring like weeds,
Use them like weeds, thou knowest not how to kill
Slight them, and let them thrive against thy will:
View them like evils, that Art cannot prevent,
But see thou take no pleasure in their scent:
And one thing more: when as the morning light
Shall bring the bashful Bride into thy sight,
Be not too cruel: let no wanton eye
Disturb and wrong her conscious modesty:
And if she blush, examine not for what;*

Nay

Nay, though thou see it (*Reader*) see it not.

And shall our story discontinue here ?

Or want a period till another year ?

Shall we befriend these Lovers with the night,

And leave them buryed in their own delight,

And so conclude ? No, it shall ne'r be sed

That marriage joys end in the Marriage bed :

Fond and adulterate is that love which founds

Her happiness on such unstable grounds :

And, like a sudden blaze, it never lasts,

But as the pleasure waxes cold, it wastes.

Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the light
Is even as welcome to him as the night :

His eyes are fixt upon his lovely Bride,

While she lies sweetly slumbering by his side :

She sleeps, he views her : thrice his mind was bent

To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent :

Sometimes his lips, with a stoln kiss would greet

Her guiltless lips : (*They say, stoln goods are sweet*)

At length she wakes, and hides her blushing cheeks

In his warm bosome, where she safely seeks

For *Sanctuary*, whereunto should fly

The guilt of her protected Modesty :

He smiles and whispers in her deafned ear ;

(*Women can understand, and yet not hear*)

He speaks, but she (even whil'st his lips were breaking

Their words) with hers did stop his lips from speaking.

When thrice three Suns had now almost out-worn

The rare solemnities that did adorn

These Princely *Nuptials*, and had made report

Grow something sparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,

The *Bridegroom*, whose endeavours were addrest,
To practise what may please his fair *Bride* best,
Resolv'd to leave *Kalander's* house, and crown
Parthenia sole Commandress of her own :

Long was it ere *Kalander's* liberal ear
Could be unlockt ; it had no power to hear
The word farewell : Still *Argalus* intreated,
And fram'd excuses ; which he soon defeated.
But as the stout *Alcides* did cashire
One rising head, another would appear :
Even so, whil'st his ingenious love did smother
One cause of parting, he would find another.

Kalander thus at last (being over-wrought
With words, which importunity had taught
Inexorable *Argalus*) was fain
To yield what he so long gain-said in vain.
'Tis now concluded, *Argalus* must go,
But yet *Kalander* must not leave them so :
There is no parting, till the aged Sire
Shall warm his fingers by *Parthenia's* fire.
Parthenia sues, *Kalander* must not rest,
Till he become *Parthenia's* promis'd guest.
The morrow next, when *Titans* early ray
Had given fair earnest of a fairer day :
And with his trembling beams had repossess
The eyes of mortals, newly rouz'd from rest,
They left *Kalander's* Castle ; and that night
Arriv'd they at the *Palace of delight* :
(For so 'twas call'd) it was a goodly seat,
Well chozen , not capacious, as neat :
Yet was it large enough to entertain
A potent Prince, with all his Princely train :

It seem'd a Center to a Park, well stor'd
With *Deer*, whose well thriven bounty did afford
Continual pleasure and delight ; nay, what
That Earth calls good, this Seat afforded not ?
Th' impatient Faulkner here may learn to say
Forgotten Prayers, and bless him every day.
The patient Angler here may tire his wish,
And (if he please) may swear, and yet catch fish.
The sneaking Fowler may go boldly on,
And ne'r want sport untill his Powder's done :
And to conclude, there was no stint, no measure
To th' old man's profit, or the young man's pleasure :
Thither this night the Nuptial Troop is gone :
And now *Parthenia's* welcome to her own :
But would you hear what entertainment past ?
Conceive it rather ; for my Quill would waste
Th' unthriving stock of my bespoken time,
While such free bounty cannot stand with rime :
But that which most, did season and imbellish
Their choice delights, and gave the truest relish
To their best mirth and pleasures, was, to see
With what a sweet conjugal Harmony
All things were carried ; every word did prove
To add some acquisition to their Love ;
So one they were, that none could justly say,
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey :
He rul'd, because she would obey ; and she,
In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he :
What pleased him, would need no other cause
To please her too, but only his applause ;
A happy pair, whose double life but one :
Made one life double, and the single, none.

Thus

Thus when th' unconstant Lady of the night
Had chang'd her horns for an Orb of Light :
Kalander (whose occasions grew too strong,
And may not be dispens'd withal too long)
Takes leave, and (being equal heavy hearted
With sad *Parthenia* for his haste departed :
But *Argalus* (who never yet could own
Himself with more advantage than alone)
And fair *Parthenia* (whose well pleas'd desire
Hopes nothing else ; if *Argalus* be by her)
Needs not the help of any to augment
The better joys of their retir'd content :
Sometimes the curious garden would invite
Their gentle paces to her proud delight : (pleasure,
Sometimes the well-stor'd Park would change their
And tender to her view their light-foot treasure :
Where th' unmolested Herd would seem to stand,
And crave a death at fair *Parthenia's* hand :
Sometimes her steps would climb th' ambitious *Tower*,
From whose aspiring top they might discover
A little Commonwealth of Land, which none
But *Argalus* durst challenge as his own :
Sometimes, (for change of pleasure he would read
Selected Stories, whil' st her ears would feed
Upon these lips, and now and then a Kiss
Would interpose like a *Parentthesis*,
Between their semicircled arms inclos'd :
(*O what dull spirits could be indispos'd
To read such Lines !*) and whil' st upon the book.
His eyes were fix'd, her pleas'd eyes would look
Upon the graceful Reader, and espy
A story, far more pleasing in his eye.



(22)

Vpon a day as they were closely seated
Her ears attending, whilst his lips repeated
A story, treating the renown'd adventures
And famous acts of great *Alcides*; enters
A *Messenger*, whose countenance did bewray
A haſt too ſerious to admit delay;
His hand preſents him Letters, which did bring
Their ſealed errand from th' *Arcadian* King;
Whereat *Parthenia* roſe, and ſtept aſide:
Her thoughts were troubled; ever as ſhe ey'd
The *Messenger*, her colour comes and goes:
Parthenia fears; and yet *Parthenia* knows
Not what to fear: Her jealous heart knows how
To fear an evil, becauſe it fears to know:
And as he read the lines, her eye was fixt
Upon his eye, which ſeem'd to ſtrive betwixt
A thouſand thwarting paſſions: Once he caſt
His eyes on her, and finding hers ſo faſt
On his, he bluſht, ſhe bluſht, both bluſht together,
Becauſe they bluſht for what, unknown to either.
The Letter being read (and having kiſt
Baſilius name) he ſpeedily diſmiſt
The *Messenger*, with promiſe to obey
Baſilius juſt commands without delay:
That done he took *Parthenia* by the hand,
His dear *Parthenia*, by the trembling hand:
And to her greedy eye he ſtraight preſents
The Paper ballac'd with its ſad contents:

M 3

Parthenia

Parthenia with a fearful slowness took it,
 And with a fearful haste did over-look it :
 Her face being blanch'd with the pallid signes
 Of what she fear'd too soon, she read these lines.

Basilus Rex.

W *Hereas the famous and victorious name
 Of great Amphialus, make the Trump of Fame
 Breath nothing but his Conquests and Renown :
 Whose lawless actions fortune strives to crown
 (In spite of Justice) with a Victors merit,
 Respecting more the greatness of his Spirit,
 Then justness of his cause ; to the dishonour
 Of vertue, and all such as wait upon her.
 And furthermore, whereas his power is known
 T'oppugn the welfare of our State and Crown,
 With strong Rebellion, to the high advancement
 Of his disloyal glory, and inhancement
 Of his perfidious Name, the great increase
 Of factions, and disturbance of our Peace :
 Likewise, whereas his high prevailing hand
 (Against the force whereof no flesh can stand)
 Could ne'r be equal'd yet, much less overcome :
 But with loud Triumph still doth carry home
 The spoils of our lost honour, to the fame
 Of his rebellious glory, and our shame :
 We therefore in our princely care perpending
 The serious premises, and much depending
 On your known Courage, have selected you
 To stand our Champion-Royal, and renew
 Our wasted honour with your Sword and Lance
 In equall Duell : Thus you shall advance
 The glorious pitch of your renowned Name
 With the brave purchase of eternal Fame:*

*In this you shall revive our dying glory,
And live the subject of these Ages story,
(Which shall be read till time shall have an end)
And tie Basilius your perpetual Friend.*

To our right trusty and noble

Kinsman, Argalus.

But as she read, her tears did trickle down
Upon the Lines, as if they meant to drown
Th'upwelcome message, and at length she said.

*Ah me (my Argalus) was't this you made
Such haste to answer? did that answer need
To be returned with so great a speed?
Can you, O can you be so quickly won
To leave your poor Parthenia, and be gone?*

To whom resolved Argalus (whose eye
Was fixt upon his Honour) made reply,
My dear Parthenia, were it to obtain
The unsumm'd wealth of Pluto; or to gain
The sovereignty of th' earth without expence
Of blood or sweat, without the least pretence
Of danger, my ambition would despise
The easie Conquest of so great a prize,
If purchas'd by thy discontent, or by
The poorest tear that trickles from thine eye.
But to recall my promise, or forsake
That resolution honour bids me make
In this behalf, or to betray that trust
Repos'd in me, the Gods would be unjust
(And not themselves) if they should but command,
Or urge me with an over-swaying hand:

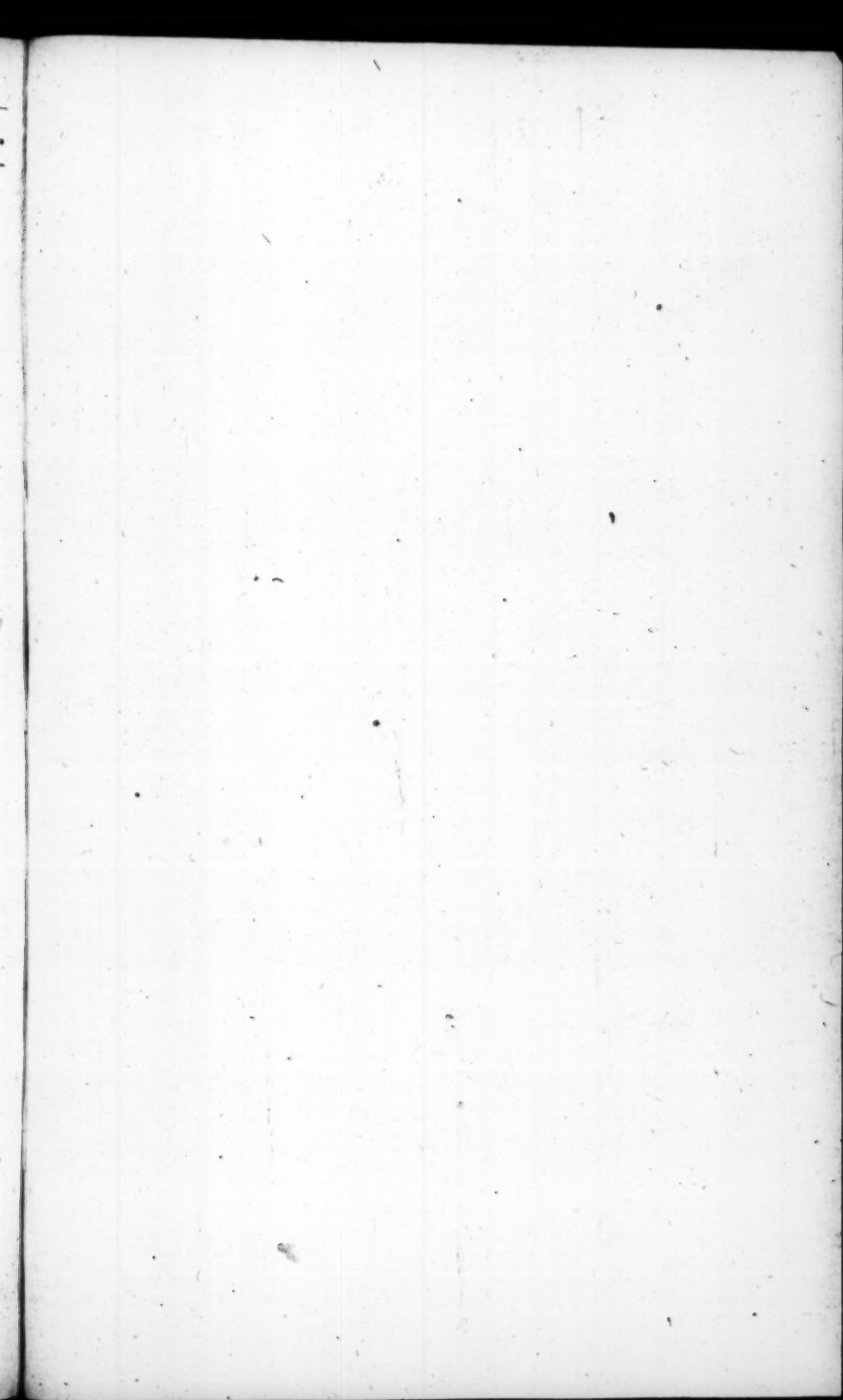
M 4

My

*My dear Parthenia : let no false suggestion
Abuse thy passion ; or presume to question
My dearest love, though honour bids us part,
Yet honour cannot rob thee of my heart :
Honour that calls me with her loud alarms
Will bring me back with Triumph to thy arms.
So said, the sad Parthenia (whose tears
Are turn'd Lieutenants to her tongue) forbears
To tempt her language : Griefs that are but small
Can speak, when great ones cannot vent at all.
But tender hearted Argalus, (to whom
Such silence speaks too loud) forsook the Room :
And with a brest as full of pensive care,
As honour, gave directions to prepare
His Warlike Steed, his Martial attire,
And all things such Imployment doth require.*

*And hear, O thou, thou great supream Protectress
Of bolder Spirits, and the sole Directress
Of lofty flying Quills, which shall derive
To after-times, what glorious Swords atchieve :
And mak'st the actions of heroick Spirits
Perpetuate, and crown their names, their merits :
Illustrious Clio, aid me and Inspire
My rag'd Rimes with thy divin'r Fire :
Teach me to raise my style, and to attain
A pitch that may transcend the vulgar strain :
Reach me a quill rent from an Eagles wing :
And let my Ink be blood : that I may sing
Death to the life : Let him that reads, expound,
Each dash a Sword, and every word a wound.*

By this, the Champion-Royal had put on
His Martial Weeds : but hasting to be gone,





The poor *Parthenia*, whose cold fit is past
(Like those in agues) now does burn as fast :
She leaves the lonely room, and coming out
She finds her *Argalus* inclos'd about
With glittering walls of steel : apparrell'd round
In his bright arms (whom she had rather found
Lockt up in hers) and wanting nothing now
But what her lips could not (poor soul) allow
Without a sea of tears, her last farewell,

W^m Spurrell (23) Ejus Libec Bath,

She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell
Upon her knees, she claspt him by the arm,
And looking up, she thus began to charm :

*My Argalus, my Argalus, my Dear
And wilt thou go and leave Parthenia here ?
Wilt thou forsake me then ? and can these tears
Not intercede betwixt thy deafned ears
And my sad suit ? Canst thou, O canst thou go
And leave thy poor distressed Parthenia so ?
Parthenia sues, Parthenia does implore,
Parthenia begs, that never beg'd before :
Remember, O remember you are, now
Under the power of a sacred vow :
Honor must stoop to vows, which once being crackt
You cannot do an honorable act.
I have a right unto you ; you are mine :
I have that Intrest which Ile ne'r resign
Till death : Ile never hazard to forgo*

*My whole estate of happiness, at one throw ;
No, no, I will not, I will hold thee fast
In spite of honour, and her nine days blast ;
Your former acts have given sufficient proof
To the wide World ; your valour's known enough
Without a farther tryal ; there's enough
To lose their Lives (less worthy) besides you :
'Twas then a time for Arms, when you had none,
None other left to venture but your own :
Excuse me then, that only do endeavour
To hold my own, which now I must, or never :
Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
No danger, but Parthenia must partake :
Shall your Parthenia be endanger'd then ?
Parthenia shall be present, even when
The strokes fall thickest ; and Parthenia shall
Suffer what ere to Argalus may befall :
Parthenia in your greatest pain shall smart ;
Your blood shall trickle from Parthenia's heart.
Can prayers obtain no place ? by this dear hand,
The sacred pledge of our conjugal band.
By all the pleasures of our dearest love ;
By heaven, and all the heavenly powers above :
Or if those Motives cannot find a room,
Yet by the tender fruit that in my Womb
Begins to bud ; or if ought else appear
To thy best thoughts, more pretious, or more dear.
By that for sake me not, although the rest
Prevail not, Grant this first, this last Request.
To whom the broken hearted Argalus,
Wearied, but not o'roome, made answer thus :*

My dear Parthenia ; *Thy desires never*
Gainsaid my will, till now : Do not persevere
To crave that boon I cannot grant : forbear
Tourge me : Resolution hath no ear ;
Weep not, (my joy) let not these drops of thine,
That trickle from so fair an eye, divine .
A foul success : Chear up ; a smile or two
Would make me half a Conqueror ere I go :
Shine forth, and let no envious cloud benight
The glorious lustre of so fair a light :
Doubt not my life, the justness of my Cause,
That brings me on, will quit me with applause :
Fear not that such a blessing, such a Wife,
Was ere intended for so short a life :
Expect my safe return ; as quick, as glorious ;
My genious tells me, I shall live victorious.

So said, as if that passion had forgot
Her mother tongue, her tongue replied not :
But, like to one, new stricken with the thunder,
She stood betwixt amazement, fear and wonder :
His lips took leave, and as his arms surrounded
Her feeble waste, she strait fell down and swooned :
But *Argalus* transported with the tide
And tyranny of honour, could abide
No longer stay ; he trusts her to the guard
Of her own Woman ; left her and repair'd
Unto the Camp ; wherein he spent some days,
In parley with *Amphialus* ; and assays
By all perswasive means, to make him yield
To just demands, and not to stain the Field
With needless blood : but finding him unapt

For peaceful counsel (being strongly rapt
 With his own fame) and scorning to afford
 His ear to any language, but the sword,
 He ceas'd to advise him ; and (enforc'd to try
 A rougher *Dialect*) wrote him this desie :

Renown'd *Amphialus*,
 If strong perswasions, backt with reasons, could
 Been honor'd with your ear, your wisdom would
 In yielding to so fair a peace, have won
 As ample glory, as your sword hath done
 You should have conquer'd souls, where now at most,
 You can subdue but bodies, that have lost
 The power to resist : But since my suit,
 Sown on so barren soil, can find no fruit ;
 Receive a mortal challenge, from a hand,
 Whose justice takes a glory to withstand
 So foul a cause, and labours to subdue,
 Your heedless errors, whilst it honors you :
 Compose you then, to make a preparation,
 According to your noble wonted fashion :
 And think not slight of ne'r so weak an arm
 That strikes, when justice strikes up her alarm.

Argalus

No sooner had he read it, but is Pen,
 With noble speed, return'd these lines agen :

Much more renowned Argalus,
 Your faithful servant, whose victorious brow
 Was never daunted yet, is daunted now
 By your brave curtesie, being stricken dumb

With

*With your rare worth, and fairly overcome :
Yet doubting not the justness of my Cause
(That's over-ruled by the sacred laws
Of dearest love) will give my sword the power
Even to maintain it to the latest hour ;
I shall expect your coming in the Ile,
Where with a heart (not poison'd with the bile
Or gall of malice) with my dearest blood,
Your Servant shall be ready to make good
His just designs : assured of no less
Than treble fame, if crowned with success :
If not, there's no dishonour can accrew
In being conquer'd, and overcome by you.*

Amphialus.

Soon after *Argalus* (whose blood did boil
To be in action) comes into the Ile,
Clad in white Armour, gilt and strangely drest
With knots of women's hair, which from his crest
Hung dangling down, & with their bounteous treasure
Overspread his Corset in a liberal measure :
His curious furniture was fashion'd out,
Like to a flying Eagle round about
Beset with plumes, whose crooked beak (being cast
Into a costly Jewel) was made fast
To th'saddle bow : her spreading Train did cover
His crooper, whilst the trappers seem to hover
Like wings, that to the fixt beholders eye,
As the horse pranc'd, the Eagle seem'd to fly ;
Upon his arm (his threatening arm) he wore
A sleeve, all curiously imbroider'd ore

With

With bleeding hearts, which fair *Parthenia* made
(In those cross times, when fortune so betraid
Their secret Love, and with a smiling frown
Dasht their false hopes) as copies of her own.
Upon his shield (for his devise) he set
Two neighb'ring Palms, whose budding branches met
And twin'd together ; the obscure Impress
Imported thus : *Thus flourishing, as these :*
His Horse was of a fiery Sorrel, black
His Main, his Feet, his Tail : on his proud back
A coal black List : his nostrils open wide,
Breath'd War, before his sparkling eye descride
An Enemy to encounter ; up by turns,
He lifts his hasty hoofs, as if he scorns
The earth, or if his tabring feet had found
A way, to goe, and yet ne'r change the ground
By this, *Amphialus* (who all this while
Thought minutes years) was landed in the Ile,
In all respects provided, to afford
As bounteous entertainment as the Sword
And launce could give : and at the Trumpets sound,
The Steeds (that needed not a prick to wound
Their bleeding flanks) both start, and with smooth run-
Their staves, declining with unshaken cunning, (ing
Perform'd their Masters will, with angry speed :
But *Argalus* his well instructed Steed
(Being hot, and full of courage, fiercely lead
By his own pride) prest in his prouder head :
The which when stout *Amphialus* espide
Well knowing it unsafe to give his side)
Prest likewise in, so that both men and Horse,
Shoudring each other with a double force

Fell to the ground : but by accustom'd skill,
And help of Fortun's hand, that succours still
Bold Spirits, shun'd the danger of the Fall,
And had (less fear'd than hurt) no harm at all :
They rose, drew forth their Swords, which now begun
To do what their left staves had left undone.

Have ye beheld a Leaguer ? In what sort
The deep-mouth'd Cannon plays upon the Fort,
And how by piece-meals it doth batter down
The yielding Walls of the besieged Town ?
Even so their Swords, (whose oft repeated blows
Could find no patience yet to enterpose
A breathing respite) with redoubled strength
So hew'd their proofless armours, that at length
Their failing trust began to prove unsound,
And piece by piece they dropt upon the ground,
Trusting their bodies to the bare defence
Of vertue and unarmed Innocence :
Such deadly blows were dealt, and such requited,
That *Mars* himself stood ravisht and affrighted
To see the cruel Combat ; every blow
Did act two parts : both struck and guarded too
At self-same Instant. So incomparable
Their skilful quickness was, that none was able
To say (although their watchful eyes attended
The strokes) who made the blow, or who defended :
Long was it ere their equal skill and force
Of arms could shew a better, or a worse :
Neither prevail'd as yet ; yet both excell'd
In not prevailing. Never eye beheld
More equal odds : No wound as yet could show
A drop of wasted blood, yet every blow

N

Was

Was full of death : *When skillful Gamesters play,*
The Christmas box gains often more than they.

At length the sword of *Argalus* (that never
Thirsted so long in vain till now ; nor ever
Made victorious doubtful for so long a space)
Fastned a wound on the disarmed face
Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein
Had not his faithful shield born part, and been
An equal sharer, his unequal foe
No doubt, had summ'd his conquest in that blow :
With that the stout *Amphialus*, whose harm
Gave sprightly quickness to his wounded Arm,
Upheav'd his thirsty Brondyron, and let fly
A downright blow ; but with a falsifie
Revers'd the stroak, and left a gaping wound
In his right arm : But *Argalus*, that found
A loss of blood, exchang'd his open play,
And for his more advantage, closely lay
Upon a lower guard ; withal expecting
A hop'd revenge, which was not long effecting :
For whil'st *Amphialus*, (whose hopes inflam'd
His tyrannous thoughts with conquest, and proclaim'd
Undoubted Victory) heap'd his stroaks so fast,
As if each blow had scorn'd to be the last.
The watchful *Argalus* (whose nimble eye
Dispos'd his time in only putting by)
Put home a thrust (his right foot coming in)
And pierc'd his Navel, that the wound had been
No less than Death, if Fortune (that can turn
A mischief to advantage) had forborn
to shew a miracle ; for with that blow
Amphialus last made, his arm had so

Orestruck

Orestruck it self; that sideward to the ground
He fell; and falling, he receiv'd that wound,
Which (had he stood) had enter'd in point blank,
But falling, only graz'd upon his flank:
Being down; brave *Argalus* his threatning sword
Bids yield: *Amphialus* answering not a word
(As one whose mighty spirit did disdain
A life of alms) but striving to regain
His legs and honour, *Argalus* let drive,
With all the strength a wounded arm could give,
Upon his head; but his hurt arms (not able
To do him present Service, answerable
To his desires) let his weapon fall,
With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd withal)
Arose, but *Argalus* run in and grasp't
(Being clos'd together) with him, were both clasp't
And grip'd each in th' unfriendly arms of either,
A while they grapled, grappling, fell together,
And on the ground with equal fortune strove:
Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,
And sometimes *Argalus*. Both joyntly vow'd
Revenge; both wallow'd in their mingled blood,
Both bleeding fresh: now *Argalus* bids yield;
And now *Amphialus*: both would win the Field,
Yet neither could; at last, by free consent
They rose; and to their breathed swords they went:
The Combat's now renew'd, both laying on,
As if the fight had been but new begun:
New wounds assuage the smarting of the old,
And warm blood intermingles with the cold:
But *Argalus* (whose wounded arm had lost
More blood than all his body could almost

Supply ; and like an Unthrif, that expends
So long as he hath either stock or friends)
Bled more than his spent Fountains could make good ;
His spirit could give Courage, but not blood.

As when to wealthy Clients, that wax old
In fuit (whose learned *Counfel* can uphold,
And gloze the Cause alike on either fide)
During the time their termly golden tide
Shall flow alike from both, 'tis hard to fay
Who prospers beft, or who fhall get the Day,
But he whose water firft fhall ceafe to flow,
And ebb fo long, till it fhall ebb too low,
His Cause (though richly laden to the brink
With right) fhall ftrike upon the bar, and fink,
And then an eafie *Counfel* may unfold
The doubt ; the question's ended with the Gold :
Even fo our Combatants, the whil'ft their blood
Was equal fpilt ; the Cause feem'd equal good,
The Victory equal, equal was their arms,
Their hopes were equal ; equal was their harms,
But when poor *Argalus* his wafting blood
Ebb'd in his Veins (although it made a flood,
A precious flood in the ungrateful Field,
His caufe, his ftrength, but not his heart muft yield :
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,
The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd :
With that *Amphialus* (whose noble ftrife
Was put to purchafe Honour, and not Life)
Perceiving what advantage in the fight
He gained, and the valour of the Knight,
Became his fuitor, that himfelf would pleafe
To pity himfelf, and let the Combat ceafe :

Which



Which noble *Argalus* (that never us'd
 In honour to part stakes) with thanks refus'd :
 (Like to a luckless Gamester ; who, the more
 He looses, is less willing to give ore)
 And filling up his empty veins with spite,
 Begins to sum his forces, and unite
 The broken strength ; (and like a Lamp that makes
 The greatest blaze at going out, he takes
 His sword in both his hands, and at a blow
 Cleft armour, Shield, and arm almost in two :
 But now inrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
 All pity ; and trusting to his Cards ; he sets
 That stock of Courage, treasur'd in his breast,
 Making his whole estate of strength, his Rest :
 And vies such blows, as *Arg'us* could not see
 Without his loss of life : so thundred he
 Upon his wounded body, that each wound
 Seem'd like an open sluice of blood, that found

(24)

No hand to stop it, till the doleful cry
 Of a most beauteous Lady (who well nigh
 Had run her self to death) restrain'd his arm
 (Perchance too late) from doing further harm :
 It was the fair *Parthenia*, who that night
 Had dream'd she saw her Husband in the plight
 She now had found him : fear and love together
 Gave her no rest till they had brought her thither :
 The nature of her fear did now begin
 T'expel the fear of Nature ; stepping in

N 4

Between

Between their pointing swords she prostrate lay
 Before their blood-bedabbed feet, to say
 She knew not what ; for as her lips would strive
 To be deliver'd, a deep sigh would drive
 Th'abortive issue of her language forth,
 Which, born untimely, perisht in the birth :
 And if her sighs would give her leave to vent it,
 O then a tear would trickle and prevent it ;
 But when the wind of her loud sighs had laid
 The shower of her tears, she sob'd, and said ;
O wretched eyes of mine ! O wailful sight !
O day of darkness ! O eternal night !
 And there she stopt ; her eyes being fixt upon
Amphialus, she sigh'd, and thus went on :

My Lord,

*'Tis said you love ; then by that sacred power
 Of love, as you'd find mercy in an hour
 Of greatest misery, leave off, and sheath
 Your bloody sword : or else, if nought but death
 May slack your anger, O let mine, let mine
 Be a sufficient offering at the Shrine
 Of your appeased thoughts ; or, if thou thirst
 For Argalus his life, then take mine first :
 Or, if for noble blood you seek, if so,
 Accept of mine ; my blood is noble too,
 And worth the spilling : Even for her dear sake,
 Your tender soul affects, awake, awake
 Your noble mercy. Grant I care not whether :
 Let me die first ; or kill us both together.*

With that *Amphialus* was about to speak,
 But *Argalus* (whose heart did almost break

To hear *Parthenia's* words) made this reply.

*Parthenia, ah Parthenia, Then must I
Be bought and sold for tears? Is my condition
So poor, I cannot live, but by petition?*

So said; he stept aside, (for fear, by chance,
The fury of some misguided blow may glance
And touch *Parthenia*) and fill'd with high disdain,
Would have begun the Combat fresh again:

But now *Amphialus* was charm'd; his hand
Had not sufficient warrant to withstand
Parthenia's suit, from whose fair eyes there came
Such precious tears in so belov'd a name:
His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
Was overcome; his very soul did smart:
He stirr'd not, but kept him at a distance:
And (putting by some blows) made no resistance.

But what can long endure? Lamps wanting oyl,
Must out at last, although they blaze a while:
Trees wanting sap, must wither: strength and beauty
Can claim no privilege to quit that duty
They owe to *Time* and *Change*; but like a Vine
(The unsound Supporters falling) must decline:
Poor *Argalus* grew faint, and must give ore
To strike; his feeble arms can strike no more:
And natures pale-fac'd Bayly now distrains
His blood, for that small debt that yet remains
Unpaid: His arm that cannot use the point,
Now leans upon the pomel; every joynt
Disclaims their idle sinews; and his eye
Begins to double every Object by;
Nothing appears the same it was; the ground
And all thereon doth seem to dance the round:

His

His legs grew faint, and thinking to sit down,
He mist his chair, and fell into a swoond.

With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
Ran in with haste, *Amphialus* began
To loose his Helmet, whil'st her busie palm
Chaf'd his cold Temples, and (distilling Balm
Into his wounds) her hasty fingers tore
Her linnen sleeves, and partlet that she wore,
To wipe the tear-mixt blood away, and wrap
His wounds withal: upon her panting lap
She laid his liveless head, and (wanting bands
To bind his bloody cloaths) her nimble hands
(As if it were ordained for that end,
And therefore made so long) did freely rend
Her dainty hair by handfuls from her head,
But as she wrapt the wounds, her eyes would shed
And wet the rags so much, that she was fain
With sighs and sobs, to dry it up again:
Thus half distracted with her griefs and fears,
These words she intermingles with her tears.

*Distress'd Parthenia! Into what a state
Hath fortune, and the direful hand of Fate
Driven thy perplexed soul? O thou, O thou,
That wert the president of all joys but now,
Now turns the example of all misery
For torments worse than death, to practise by!
How less than nothing art thou? and how more
Than miserable! Thou that wert before
All Ladies of the earth for happiness
But very now (ah me!) now, nothing less:
O angry Heavens, what hath Parthenia done,*

To be thus plagu'd? or why not plagu'd alone,
If guilty, what shall poor Parthenia do?
To whom shall she complain? alas! or who
Shall give relief? Nay, who can give relief
To her that hopes for succour from her grief!
O death! must we be parted then for ever:
And never meet again, what, never, never?
Or shall Parthenia now be so unkind,
To leave her Argalus, and stay behind?
No, no, my dearest Argalus, make room,
(There's room enough in Heaven) I come, I come.

Who ever saw a dying Coal of fire
Lurk in warm embers (till some breath inspire
A forc't revival) how obscure it lies,
And being blown, glimmers a while, and dies.
So Argalus, to whom Parthenia's breath
Giving new life, (a life in spite of death)
Recall'd him from his death-resembling trance,
Who from a panting pillow did advance
His feeble head, and looking up, he made
Hard shift to force a language, and thus said:

My dear Parthenia, now my glass is run,
The Taper tells me, that the Play is done,
My days are summ'd, Death seizes on my heart;
Alas! the time is come, and we must part:
Yet by my better hopes, grim death doth bring
No grief to Argalus, no other sting
But this, that I must leave thee even before
My grateful actions can cross the score
Of thy dear merits.

But since it pleases him, whose Wisdom still
Disposes all things by his better Will,

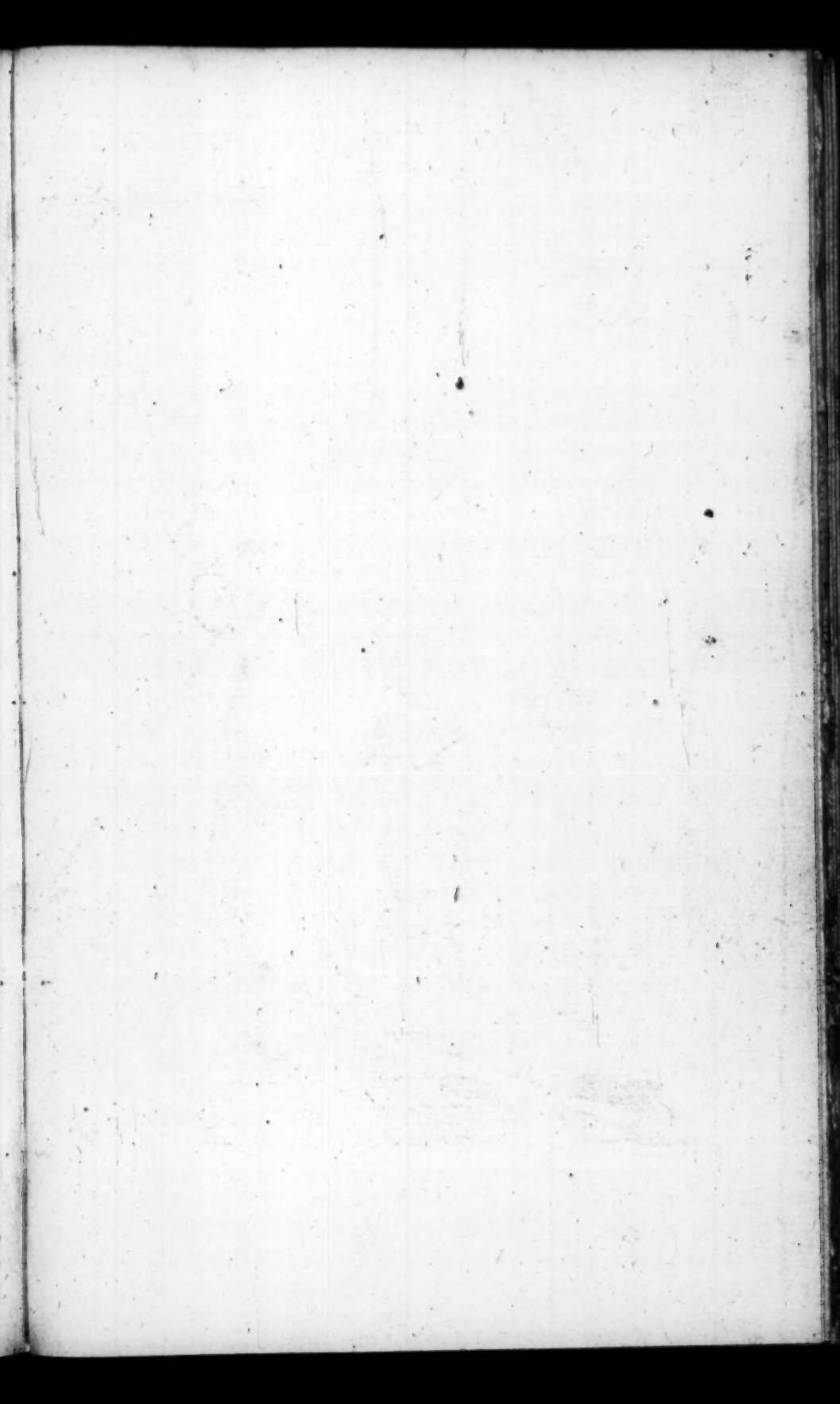
Depend

Depend upon his goodness, and rely
Upon his pleasure, not enquiring why,
And trust that one day we shall meet, and then
Enjoy each other, ne'r to part agen:
Mean while live happy : Let Parthenia make
No doubt, but blessed Arg'lus shall partake
In all her joys on earth, which shall increase
His joys in Heaven, and souls eternal peace :
Love well the dear remembrance of thy true
And faithful Arg'lus ; let no thought renew
My last disgrace : Think not the hand of fate
Made me unworthy, thou unfortunate :

And as he spake that word, his lips did vent
A sigh, whose violence had well-nigh rent
His heart in twain ; and when a parting kiss
Had given him earnest of approaching bliss,
He snatch'd his sword into his hand, and cry'd,
O Death ! thou art a Conquerour ; and dy'd.
With that Parthenia, whose livelihood was founded
Upon his life, bow'd down her head and fswounded
But grief, that (like a Lion) loves to play
Before it kills, gave death a longer day,
Else had Parthenia dy'd, since death deprived
Him of his life, in whose dear life she lived.

But ah ! Parthenia's sorrow was too deep ;
Too too unruly to be lull'd asleep
By ought but death : she startles from her fswound,
And nimbly rising from the loathed ground,
Kneels down, and lays her trembling hand upon
His luke-warm lips, but finding his breath gone,
Grief plays the Tyrant, fierce distractions drive her
She knows not where, unbounded rage deprives her

Of







Of fence and language, here and there she goes,
Not knowing what to do, nor what she does :
Sometimes her fair misguided arm will tear
Her beautiful face, sometimes her beautiful hair ;
As if their use could stand her in no stead,
Since her beloved *Argalus* was dead.

But now *Amphialus* (that all this space
Stood like an Idol fastned to his place ;
Where with a world of tears he did bemoan
The deed that his unluckly hands had done)
Well knowing that his words would aggravate,
Not ease the misery of her woful state,
Spake not, but caus'd her woman that came with her
To urge her to the *Ferry*, where together

(25)

With her dead *Argalus* she 'mbarkt ; from whom
She would not part : No sooner was she come
To 't other shore, but all the funeral state
Of Military Discipline did wait
Upon the Corps, whil'st troops of trickling eyes
Fore-ran the well-perform'd Solemnities :
The Marshal Trumpet breath'd her doleful sound,
Whil'st others trail'd their Ensigns on the ground :

(26)

Thus was the most lamented Corps convey'd
Upon a Chariot lin'd, and over-laid

With

With fable, to his house, a house, than night
More black, no more the *Palace of Delight* :
Where now we leave him to receive the Crown
Prepar'd for vertue, and deserv'd renown :
Where now we leave him to be full possesst
Of endless Peace, and everlasting Rest.

But who shall comfort poor *Parthenia* now ?
What Oratory can prevail ? or how
Can Counsel choose but blush to undergo
So vain a task, and be condemned too ?
May reason move a heart, whose best relief
Consists in desp'rate yielding to a grief ?
Or what advise can relish in her ears
That weeps, and takes a pleasure in her tears ?
*Readers, forbear, sorrows that are lamented,
Are but exulcerated, but augmented :*
*Forbear attempt, where there is no prevailing,
A desp'rate grief grows stronger by bewailing,
Leave her to time and fortune : let your eyes
No longer pry into her miseries :*
*True Mourners love to be beheld of none,
Who truly grieves, desires to grieve alone.*

But now our Blood-hound *Muse* must draw, and track
Amphialus, and bring the murtherer back
To a new Combat : Where, if Fortune please
To crown your Tragick Scene, and to appease
The crying blood of *Argalus* with blood :
Our better relish story (making good
Your hopeful expectations) shall befriend
The tears of our *Parthenia*, an end.

Soon as the stout *Amphialus* had out-worn
The danger of his wounds, and made return



Into the Martial Camp, there to maintain
His new got honour, and to entertain
Aggrieved Challangers, that shall demand
Or seek for satisfaction from his hand ;
An armed Knight came praunſing ore the Plain,
Denouncing War, and breathing for Diſdain :
Four Damſels uſher'd him in ſable weeds ;
And four came after all on mourning Steeds :
His curious Armour was ſo painted over
With lively ſhadows, that ye might diſcover
The Image of a gaping Sepulchre :
About the which were ſcattered here and there
Some dead men's Bones : his Horſe was black as Jet
His Furniture was round about beſet
With branches, ſlipt from the ſad Cypreſs Tree,
His baſes (reaching far below the Knee)
Embroider'd ore with worms : upon his Shield,
For his Impreſs he had a beauteous Child,
Whoſe body had two heads, whereof the t'on
Appear'd quite dead ; t'other (drawing on)
Did ſeem to gasp for breath, and underneath
This *Motto* was ſubſcrib'd, *From Death, by death* :
Thus arm'd to point, he ſent his bold deſie
T' *Amphialus*, who ſent as quick reply.

(27)

Forthwith being ſummon'd by the Trumpets ſound,
They ſtart ; but brave *Amphialus*, that ſound,
The Knight had miſt his Reſt, (as yet not met)
Scorning to take advantage, would not let

His Launce descend, nor (bravely passing by)
 Encounter his befriended Enemy.

Whereat the angry Knight (not apt to brook
 Such unsupportable mishap) forsook
 His white-mouth'd Steed, throwing his Launce aside,
 (Which too too partial Fortune hath deny'd
 A fair success) drew forth his glittering Sword ;
 Whereat *Amphialus* lighted, who abhor'd
 A Conquest meerly by advantage gain'd,
 Esteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)
 Drew forth his Sword, and for a little space
 Their stroaks contended with an equal pace,
 And fierceness : he herein did more discover
 A bravery than anger, whil'st the other
 Bewray'd more spleen, than either skill or strength
 To manage it : *Amphialus* at length,
 With more than wonted ease, did batter so
 His ill defended armour, that each blow
 Open'd a door for Death to enter in :
 And now the noble Conquerour does begin
 To hate so poor a Conquest, and disdain'd
 To take a life so easily obtain'd,
 And mov'd with pity, stepping back, he staid
 His unresisted Violence, and said,
*Sir Knight, contest no more ; but take the peace
 Of your own passion : Let the Combat cease,
 Seek not your causeless ruine ; turn your arm
 (Better employ'd) 'gainst such as wish your harm ;
 Husband your Life before it be too late,
 Fall not by him that ne'r deserv'd your hate.*
 To whom the Knight return'd these words again,
Thou ly'st false Traytor, and I here disdain Both

*Both words and mercy, and with a base desire,
And to thy throat my Sword shall turn the ly.
To whom Amphialus repli'd, Uncivil Knight,
Couragious in nothing but in spight,
And base discourtesie, thou soon shalt know
Whether thy tongue betrays thy heart or no.
And as he spake, he gave him such a wound
Upon the Neck, as struck him to the ground:
And with the fall, his Sword (that now deny'd
All mercy) fiercely tilts into his side:
That done; he loos'd his Helmet with intent
To make his over-lavish tongue repent
Of these base words he had so basely said,
Or else to crop him shorter by the head.*

*Who ever saw th'illustrious eye of Noon
(Now broken from a gloomy cloud) send down
His earth-rejoycing glory, and display
His golden Beams upon the Sons of Day:
Even so the Helmet being gone, a fair
And costly Treasure of unbraided Hair
Orespread the shoulders of the vanquisht Knight,
Whose now discover'd visage (in despight
Of neighb'ring death) did witness and proclaim
A soveraign beauty in Parthenia's Name,
And she it was indeed, see how she lies
Smiling on death, as if her blessed eyes
(Blest in their best desires) had espied
His face already, for whose sake she died:
The Lillies and the Roses (that while ere
Strove in her Cheeks, till they compounded there,
Have broke their truce, and freshly fain to blows,
Behold the Lilly hath overcome the Rose:*

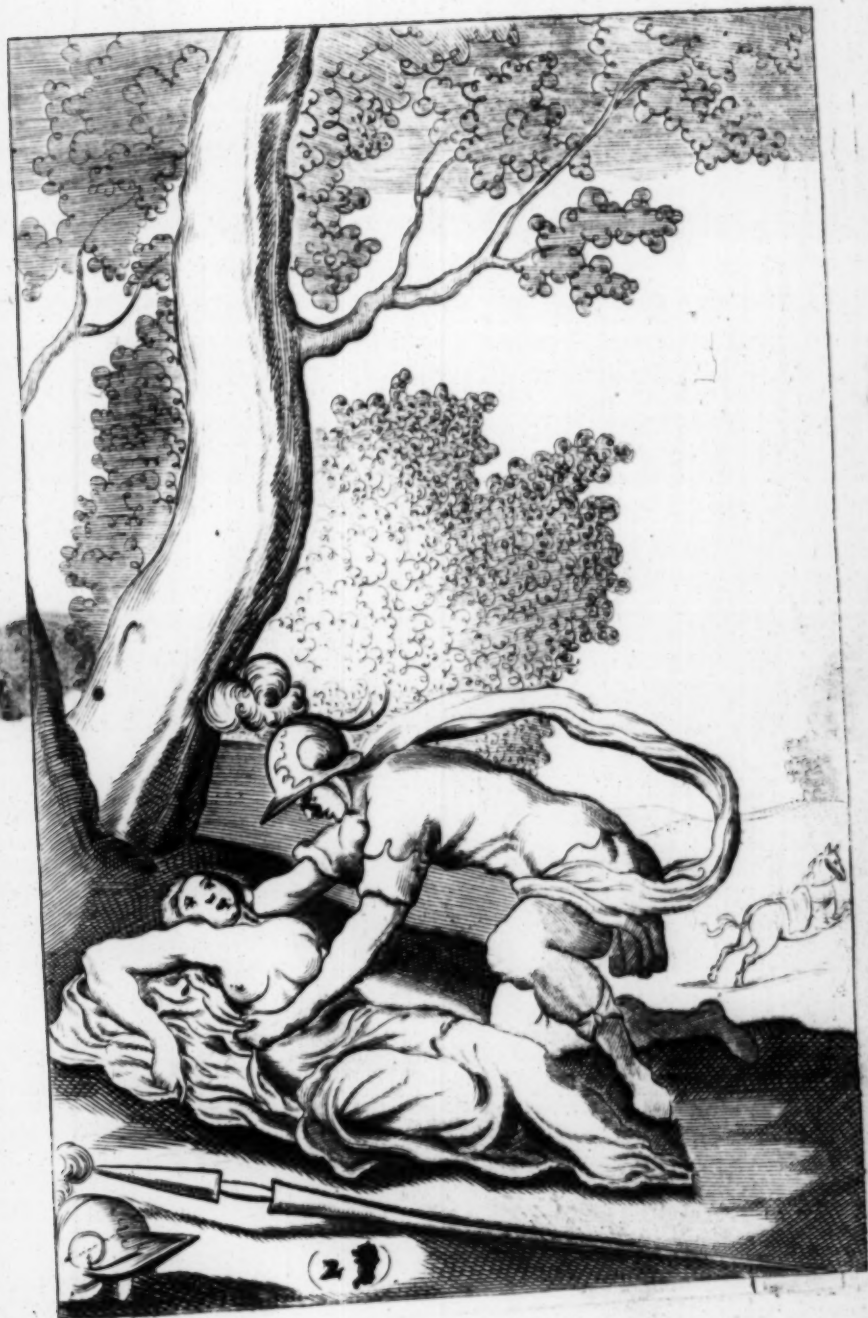
Her Alabafter neck (that did out-go)
 The Dov's in whiteness, or the new-fall'n Snow)
 Was stain'd with blood, as if the red did seek
 Protection there, being banish't from her Cheek :
 So full of sweetness was her dying face,
 That Death had not the power to displace
 Her native beauty ; only by translation,
 Moulded and cloathed in a newer fashion.

(28)

But now *Amphialus* (in whom grief and shame
 Of this unlucky Victory, did claim
 An equal Interest) prostrate on the earth,
 Accurs'd his sword, his arm, his hour of birth
 Casting his Helmet, and his Gauntlet by,
 His undissembled tears did testifie
 What words could not : but finding her Estate
 More apt for help than grief (though both too late)
 Crept on his Knees, and begging pardon of her,
 His hands (his often cursed hands) did proffer
 Their needless help, and with his Life to show
 What honour a devoted heart could do :
 Whereto *Parthenia* (whole expiring breath
 Gave speedy signs of a desired death)
 Turning her fixt (but oft recalled) eyes
 Upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies.

Sir, you have done enough, and I require
 No more : Your hand have done what I desire,
 What I expect : and if against your will,

The



*The better ; so I wish your favours still :
Yet one thing more, (if Enemies may sue)
I crave, which is, to be untouch't by you ;
And as for honour, all that I demand,
Is, not to purchase honour from your hand :
No, no, 'twas no such Bargain made, That he
Whose hands had kill'd my Arg'lus, should help me ;
Your hands have done enough, I crave no more ;
And for the deed's sake, I forgive the Doer.*

*What then remains, but that I go to rest
With Argalus, and to be repossess'd
Of him, with him for ever to abide,
Ere since whose death I have so often di'd.
And there she fainted (even as if the Clock
Of Death had given a warning ere it struck)
But soon returning to her self again :
Welcome sweet death, said she, whose minutes pain
Shall crown this soul with everlasting pleasure :
Delay me not : O do me not that wrong,
My Argalus will chide, I stay so long :
O now I feel the Gordian-knotted bands
Of life unti'd : O heavens ! Into your hands
I recommend my better part, with trust
To find you much more merciful than just,
(Yet truly just withal) O Life ! O Death !
I call you to a Witness, that this breath
Ne'r drew a blast of Comfort since that hour
My Arg'lus died : O thou eternal power,
Shroud all my faults behind the milk-white Vail
Of thy dear mercy ; and when this tongue shall fail*

To speak : O then.

And as she spake (*O then*) *O then* she left
To speak ; and being suddenly bereft
Of words, the fatal Sister did divide
Her slender twine of Life, and so she di'd.

So di'd *Parthenia*, in whose closed eyes
The VWorld of beauty and perfection lies
Lockt up by Angels, (as a thing divine)
From mortal eyes, the whil't her vertues shine
In perfect glory, in the throne of glory,
Leaving the world no relique but the story
Of earth's Perfection ; for the mouth of Fame
To consecrate to her eternal Name,
VWhich shall survive (if Muses can divine)
(Though not in these poor Monuments of mine)
To th'end of days, and by the looser rimes,
Shall be deliver'd to succeeding times ;
So long as Beauty shall but find a friend,
Parthenia's lasting fame shall never end :
Till, to be truly vertuous, to be chaste,
Be held a Sin, *Parthenia's* Name shall last.

Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lamp,
This Lamp of honour, he forsook the Camp,
And like a willing Prisoner, was confin'd
To the strict limits of a troubled mind :
No Jury need b'impanell'd or agreed
Upon the Verdict, none to attest the deed ;
None to give sentence in the Judgment-Hall ;
Himself was VVitness, Jury, Judge, and all ;
VWhere now we leave him, whil't we turn our eyes
Upon *Parthenia's* VWomen, whose fierce cries
Inforce a helpless Audience : *It is said,*

When

When Troy was taken, such a Cry was made.
One snatcht *Parthenia's* sword, resolv'd to die
Parthenia's death : Another raving by,
Strove for the weapon ; through which eager strife,
They both were hindred, and each sav'd a Life.
Others, whom wiser passions had taught how
To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw
Their careless Bodies on the purple floor :
VWhere sprinkling dust upon their heads, they tore
Their tangled hair, and garments drench't in tears,
And cry'd, as if *Parthenia's* blessed ears
Could hear the Voice of grief, such griefs as would
Return her from her glory, if they could :
Each heart was turn'd a VVardrobe of true passion,
VWhere griefs were clothed in a several fashion,
Sometimes their sorrow would recall to view
Her Vertue, Chastness, Sweetness, and renew
Their wasted passions, and oft-times they bann'd
Themselves for obeying her unjust Command.
And now by this the mournful Trump of Fame
(Grown hoarse with very sorrow) did proclaim
And spread her doleful tydings, whil't all ears
And eyes were fill'd with death and sliding tears :
Pity and sorrow, mixt with Admiration,
Became the threefold subjects of all passion :
Grief went her progress through all hearts, or none,
From the poor Cottage to the Princely Throne :
Could one a thought, whose best advice could borrow
The smallest respite from th'extreams of sorrow.
But all this while, *Basilius* Princely brest,
As it commanded, so out-griev'd the rest :
His share was treble : Hearts of Kings are deep

And

And close ; what once they entertain, they keep
With Violence : the violence of his passion
Admits no means, as yet, no moderation :

(29)

But soon as grief had done her private Rights
And Dues to *Honour* : *Honour* (that delights
In publick Service, and can make the breath
Of sighs and sobs to triumph over Death)
• Call'd in Solemnity, with all her train
And Military Pomp, to entertain
Our welcome Mourners, whose slow paces tread
The paths of death ; and with sad Triumph lead
The slumbering Body to that bed of rest,
Where nothing can disquiet, or molest
Her sacred Ashes ; there intombed lay
The valliant *Argalus* ; and there they say,
Ere since that time, th' *Arcadians* once a year,
Visit the Ruines of their Sepulchre ;
And in memorial of their faithful Loves,
There built an Altar, where two milk-white Doves
They yearly offer to the hallowed Fame
Of *Argalus*, and his *Parthenia's* Name.

Hos

The Author's Dream.

M*T Sins are like the hairs upon my head,
And raise their Audit to as high a score ;
In this they differ : These do dayly shed ;
But ah ! my Sins grow dayly more and more.
If by my hairs thou number out my sins ;
Heaven make me bald before the day begins*

2

*My Sins are like the Sands upon the shore,
Which every ebb lays open to the eye :
In this they differ : These are cover'd ore
With every Tide ; my sins still open lye.
If thou wilt make my head a Sea of Tears,
O they will hide the sins of all my years.*

3

*My Sins are like the Stars within the Skies,
In view, in number, even as bright, as great :
In this they differ : These do set and rise ;
But ah ! my sins do rise, but never set.
Shine Sun of glory, and my sins are gone,
Like twinkling Stars before the rising Sun.*

Fr. Quarles

F I N I S.